THE
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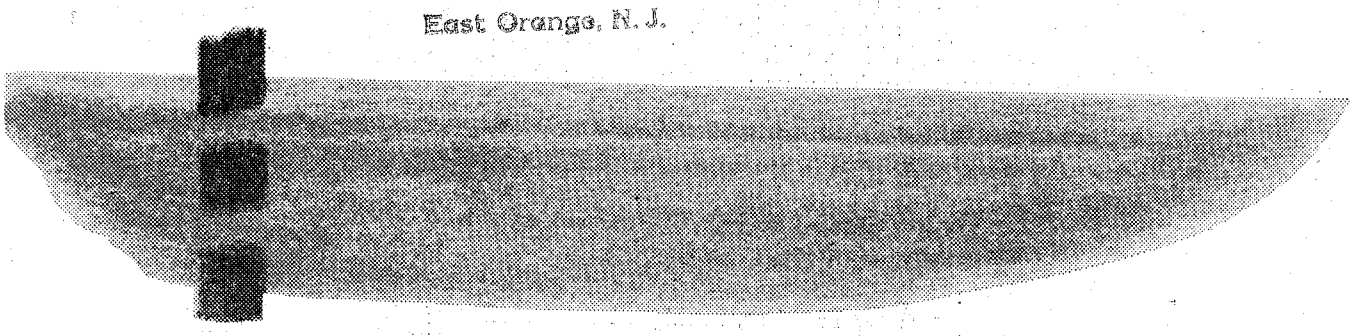


DRAFT-DODGER or PATRIOT?

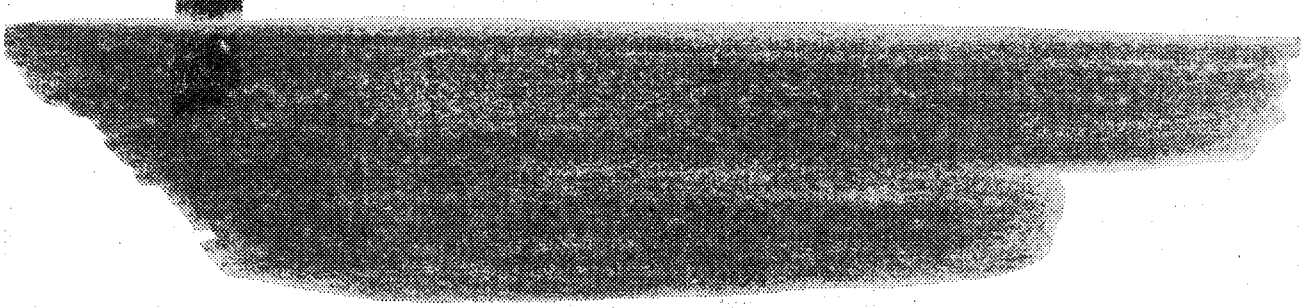
Dilemma of the College Student

John C. Esty, Jr.

TWO SOUTHS

Little Rock and Johannesburg

Anthony Sampson



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LETTERS

The 'Reluctant' FBI

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate Fred Cook and *The Nation* for "FBI" (Oct. 18, 1958). Added grist for Mr. Cook's mill is provided in *Look* (Jan. 6, 1959, p. 17). Robert J. Murphy, in his article, "The South Fights Bombing," says "The Federal Bureau of Investigation had been reluctant to enter any bombing case officially until the bombing in Atlanta. Then FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover ordered his field officers to hold briefing sessions with law-enforcement officials and experts assigned to S.C.B. [Southern Conference on Bombings]. Further assistance seems to be forthcoming."

If the bombings are legally the concern of the FBI, its reluctance to investigate them would seem most unacceptable. If the FBI lacks authority, properly constituted executive and legislative decision and action are called for — not "reluctance" or "unofficial assistance" on the part of the FBI.

KENNETH S. DAVIDSON

Hamden, Conn.

On the Wrong Track?

Dear Sirs: In Fred J. Cook's article, "Railroads versus the Commuter," in your December 20 issue:

1. The author seeks to denigrate the validity of the New Haven's figures on the revenue side by insisting that the amount collected (not even net profit!) from the sale of property, and the rentals of hotels and apartment houses, should be classed as passenger revenue. Conceivably, a fair allocation of such revenue could be distributed, from the corporate accounting standpoint, between the prime operating departments—freight and passenger—using true net income as a base; but this is a theoretical aspect, and the rental and capital-gains revenue may well stand as independent income in any analysis.

2. In the next paragraph, he inconsistently blames the New York Central for doing just what he blamed the New Haven for not doing—including real estate figures in passenger totals. Only this time the shoe is on the other foot, as he's talking expenses instead of revenue—hardly a fair shift by any standard!

3. Cook does not openly come out against private enterprise, but manages to poke a finger in the dike to make the hole larger, rather than plug it. He refuses the roads the economic and inherent right to discontinue an unprofitable (passenger) operation and retain what is profitable (freight). Instead, he insists that they must keep the passenger business (presumably until passenger losses drag freight business into the red); and he seems to reveal his ultimate goal in his conclusion that "if government operation has to come, it should embrace both passengers and freight."

We can only view this conclusion as an expression of prejudice rather than as a reasoned view. Under today's conditions, with competition subsidized by such devices as publicly-owned airports and highways, railroad-passenger operation as an institution simply cannot survive without some aid. The need of clear thinking on this major problem is evident, but let's keep the facts and their interpretation straight.

HAVILAND F. REVES
President, Michigan Railroad Club

Detroit, Mich.

Best in 40 Years

Dear Sirs: I subscribed to *The Nation* in 1919, and I have been on your list ever since. In all these years I have read nothing more touchingly tragic than Ralph Colp's "Bartolomeo Vanzetti" in your issue of December 27.

ALFRED C. NIELSEN

Des Moines, Iowa

Operation PX

Dear Sirs: "Warm Side of the Cold War" (November 29, p. 408) makes *The Nation* sound like the *Wall Street Journal* — coddling soldiers at the taxpayer's expense and all that.

I can dispute Mr. Michaels, the author, only with my own experience in the 34th Signal Battalion, stationed outside Stuttgart. Low prices in PX stores, commissaries, theatres, etc. are beyond dispute. But it's a widely held view — sound, in my opinion, but in any event ignored by Mr. Michaels — that servicemen should be paid more, not less, to build up the professional forces.

As for housing, night clubs and liquor benefits, we aren't told that the vast majority are available only to officers and the top three enlisted ranks, and in practice not at all to draftees. Nor are we told what percentage of the 500,000 servicemen are married, nor what percentage of these are eligible for the supposedly plush benefits, nor what percentage of these actually have their families with them and obtain the benefits.

Of this class of benefits, the majority of enlisted men — the proletarians of the service — get only the privilege of attending enlisted men's clubs. In service clubs with American hostesses, there is no liquor; in E.M. clubs, it does cost 25c a shot. How many shots can you afford on a private's pay compared to the number of 40c shots a civilian can afford at any of the less plush New York bars? It would be a more valid comparison. The $2 bottle of Scotch that consoles the soldier discontented with his coddling is available only to those who live off post. You can still be court-martialed if they find a bottle in your foot locker. . . .

ANTHONY M. ASTRACHAN

New York City

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

21 ●

ARTICLES

23 ● Two Souths: Little Rock and Johannesburg
by ANTHONY SAMPSON

26 ● America's "Rotten Boroughs"
by ROSCOE FLEMING

27 ● Dilemma of the College Student Draft-Dodger or Patriot?
by JOHN C. ESTY, Jr.

28 ● Sirens on the Campus
by DAVID EVANIER

31 ● The Zone of Hunger
by DAVID THOMSON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 ● Three Windows on Cummings
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

35 ● The Fortress of Delinquency
by ALBERT K. COHEN

36 ● Across the Valley (poem)
by GENE BARO

37 ● Strike Story
by HARVEY SWADOS

37 ● Letter from Naples
by WILLIAM WEAVER

38 ● After the Bomb (poem)
by HILARY CORKE

39 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

40 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 40)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 2

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'K' as in Kremlin

Little Rock and Johannesburg, Arkansas and the Union of South Africa: the parallel is even closer than Anthony Sampson suggests (see page 23). Governor Faubus and his merry men have now made the last desperate gamble of all racist demagogues — they have decided to make integration synonymous with communism. The Arkansas State Legislative Council, protected by armed state troopers, has been holding hearings in Little Rock to "prove" the predetermined proposition that "racial unrest" in that city is part of "the international scheme of the Russian Kremlin." J. B. Matthews, of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and State Attorney General Bruce Bennett, are the chief witnesses. The conspiracy began, it seems, some twenty-three years ago with the founding of Commonwealth College. Then along came the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, with its interracial membership and interracial committees. And in its wake were formed the Southern Conference for Human Welfare and, later, the Southern Regional Council. Four Negro colleges, the University of Arkansas and the College of the Ozarks were quietly "infiltrated" by contributors to the Southern Regional Council. Then the Fund for the Republic contributed "several thousand dollars" to the Southern Regional Council — a telltale circumstance, since "a Mr. Ashmore" is a member of the board of directors of the Fund. (This, of course, would be *the* Harry Ashmore of the Arkansas *Gazette*.) The gallant Mrs. L. C. Bates, who has led the fight to integrate Negroes in the Little Rock school system, is made a party to the conspiracy by reason of the circumstance that her husband contributed to the Southern Conference Education Fund.

All of this, of course, is in the savage repression pattern of the Union of South Africa. So if apartheid borrowed from "Jim Crowism," the debt is now being repaid: Jim Crowism is aping apartheid racism. Once again Governor Faubus has obligingly confirmed the most serious charges of his most severe critics. As rapidly as circumstances will permit, he is busily proving that he is a racist in the Strydom mold. The attempt to prove that "integration" is synonymous with communism will fail in Little Rock as eventually it must fail in Johannesburg; but, before it does, some of Little Rock's foremost citizens are likely to be smeared. Their consolation — if such it be — is that they could not be smeared in a better cause.

Cooperative Austerity

It will be some time before the full implications and consequences of the European monetary moves become clear. But provided the economies of the countries involved are strong enough to bear the stresses of economic freedom, this long step toward convertibility, in conjunction with a probable relaxation of trade barriers, should lead to a healthy expansion of commerce.

A significant aspect of the changes is that they are, to quote a British Treasury statement, "part of a coordinated European move." Only a few weeks ago, a serious economic rift between the six nations, whose "Common Market" plan became operative on January 1, and the rest of Europe appeared inevitable. But the habit of cooperation, which has grown since the inauguration of the Marshall Plan and is embodied in the OEEC, has fortunately reasserted itself. France, by agreeing to reduce its quota discrimination against the European "outsiders" to token proportions, has mollified Britain, which has reciprocated by joining with West Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands in providing standby credits to buttress the re-evaluated franc. Further evidence of cooperation is provided by plans for a European exchange-clearing system to take the place of the European Payment Union.

The problem now facing Europe is whether, under the new conditions, it can maintain currency reserves at a safe level without deflationary measures. Hugh Gaitskell, on behalf of British labor, has entered a gloomy caveat and French trade-union leaders protest that the measures adopted by de Gaulle will prove intolerable. Indeed the French austerity program is likely to cause serious hardship. Wages are to be frozen while the cost of living will rise. But inflation in France has gone so far that there is no way of achieving a stable franc and reducing the national deficit to manageable proportions without reducing, at least temporarily, the standard of living. Even with the drastic actions proposed, it is questionable whether de Gaulle will be able to repeat Poincaré's stabilization triumph of 1928 unless he also checks the Algerian hemorrhage.

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France is playing its new hand from weakness. Britain has far stronger cards for, in the past year, it has achieved a striking improvement in its trading position and a large increase in the sterling-areas reserve. Even so, it has large international liabilities to meet in the next few years and any sign of weakness in the pound would force defensive measures of a restrictive nature. The possibility of some growth of unemployment in Britain cannot therefore be dismissed.

What of the effect of Europe's moves on the United States? They are in line with the enlightened policy of promoting a truly multilateral world-trading system, which has been pursued in theory—though with occasional lapses in practice—by successive administrations in Washington. Will we now be rewarded by enlarged export markets for American products?

That may not be the immediate outcome, although foreign sales prospects for some kinds of goods should improve. But American producers may also expect more competition, not only in foreign markets but at home. Recently, American costs and prices have been rising more rapidly than those of most European countries. In the long run, Europe's stabilization measures will tend to hold prices down there and increase the pressure to export, so we may well see increasing quantities of foreign goods entering our ports. That would be a break for the American consumer, but would undoubtedly stir up this country's still formidable forces of protection, with demands for higher tariffs and smaller quotas. In that event we must pray that Administration and Congress will stick to their principles. It would be ironic if the United States, after scoring a signal success for its ideals of unimpeded world trade, should be induced by sectional clamor to retreat toward Hawley-Smootism.

Why Stop with Matadors?

The United Nations Command in South Korea — that is to say, the United States — announces that U.S. Matador guided missiles have arrived in that great democracy for installation. The Matador is a subsonic winged missile, essentially an unmanned airplane, which can carry either a nuclear or TNT warhead. It has a range of more than 500 miles. Emplaced in the neighborhood of Seoul, this would put it within range of Vladivostok in Soviet Siberia and Tsingtao in Soviet China, and within possible range of Peking, as well as Harbin in Manchuria. The pleasure this will give the Reds, and the consequences, can readily be predicted. In May, 1957, the United States announced that a Matador squadron would be stationed in Formosa. The Chinese Reds, who had no missiles in the area, immediately demanded them from the Soviet Union and now the mainland opposite Formosa swarms with ballistic missiles.

The folly of emplacing missiles of strategic range in South Korea is pointed up by recent developments in that happy land. In last spring's National Assembly elections the Democrats, opposed to Syngman Rhee's ruling Liberal Party, doubled their strength to eighty seats. The vice president, Chang Myun, is a Democrat. He lives in fear of assassination and takes little part in the government; but if Rhee, who is eighty-three years old, were to die, Chang Myun would succeed to the presidency, at least in theory. To prevent this and to disembowel the Democrats politically, Rhee strong-armed a "national security" act through the National Assembly on Christmas Eve. Three hundred policemen were called in to expel the eighty Democrats from the chamber and lock them in adjoining rooms, while the Liberals passed the security bill without a dissenting vote. This exhibition of democracy in action may cause some uneasiness among our allies, some of whom are not walking in their sleep. Why, they may wonder, does Uncle Sam insist on adding strategic missiles to an already unpleasant situation? And if, as in the Formosa area, the Matadors should be countered by superior ballistic missiles, will Uncle raise the ante with, say, Thors, or a few Jupiters our European allies don't want? Judging by the past, anything is possible.

To Be Read for the Footnotes

In high-pitched tones, the International Committee of the National Planning Association calls for increased military spending to counter the "frightening possibility" that the Soviet Union may forge ahead of the United States in the implements of modern war, thereby vitiating the "positive and constructive goals of U. S. foreign policy" and imperiling "all the cherished values of Western civilization." These are the normal alarums of military planners when budget time rolls around, and would scarcely call for more comment than the outcries of sea gulls contending over scraps of floating garbage. Finally getting down to cases, however, the committee presents a tangible argument: we must increase our military outlays because, by the use of intercontinental and intermediate-range ballistic missiles armed with thermonuclear warheads, the Soviet Union might so damage Strategic Air Command bases in the United States and Europe that retaliatory action might be held within "acceptable" limits (acceptable, that is, to the enemy). If this is so, the proposal reduces to giving more billions to the same chiefs of strategy and procurement who conceived "defense"—and still do, to a large extent—in terms of air bases and bombers which become obsolescent more rapidly than they can be built But the real novelty of this press release is in its dissenting footnotes. Victor Reuther of the United Automobile Aircraft & Agricultural Implement Workers of America AFL-CIO, pouncing on a complimentary reference to Mr. Dulles, says, "All too frequently his daring ha

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been foolhardy, and the risks to which he has exposed our country all too frequently have been unnecessary." A much longer demurrer is offered by Harlan Cleveland, Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, and John F. Chapman, Associate Editor of the *Harvard Business Review,* who point out that the statement omits any reference "to the fact that a really staggering amount of money is wasted in the military appropriations through archaic organization and obsolete concepts of war," and that there is only a casual mention of what we really ought to be doing: "Scientific inventions and technological innovations seem directed to increase the instability of a competition based primarily on mutual military terror. The real problem . . . is how we are going to develop political and economic forms of deterrence which will do for us and our friends around the world what no amount of military hardware seems to be able to accomplish." The dissent makes more sense than the proclamation.

Truer Words

The New York papers have been full of congratulatory messages and greetings now that the nineteen-day strike has ended; everyone is delighted to see those huge bundles of papers back on the kiosk stands. But some are more pleased than others. Both *Time* and *Newsweek,* for example, greeted the reappearance of the dailies with full-page ads. "We're happy," said *Newsweek,* "to see New York 'alive' again! For, as the New Yorker knows, today as never before, his great daily papers are a vital part of his life." *Time* was even more fervent. "To the newspapers which resume publication today, the editors of *Time,* along with millions of thoughtful people in the New York community, are delighted to say, 'We've missed you. Welcome back.'" The ads were a nice gesture—the New York dailies will not soon recoup their losses—but both newsweeklies had good reason to be grateful that the strike was ended. Catching a lateral pass from *The Nation's* David Cort, Ben H. Bagdikian, in a remarkable series of articles on the newsmagazines which appeared in the Providence (R.I.) *Journal-Bulletin* October 5-17, gives the reason—in depth. While *Time* has 53 full-time correspondents listed in 15 American cities outside New York, and 32 correspondents in 15 foreign cities, and *Newsweek* has 29 correspondents in six American cities and 11 in seven foreign cities, nevertheless both magazines are vitally dependent on the American press, particularly the New York dailies. With cruel insight, Mr. Bagdikian even suggests that "the key man" in the *Newsweek* organization is "the intrepid editor who each workday takes the elevator to his office in the *Newsweek* building . . . and fearlessly reads *The New York Times.*" And of *Time* the same could, of course, be said.

The Nation would like to add its voice to that of *Time* and *Newsweek* in welcoming back the New York dailies; we, too, are heavily dependent on them even though we do not, of course, refer to *The Nation* as a newsmagazine. And now for the commercial: we urge our readers to write to the Promotion Department of the Providence *Journal-Bulletin,* 75 Fountain Street, Providence, Rhode Island, for reprints of Mr. Bagdikian's twelve articles. The reprint does not carry a price tag, but perhaps postage should be included. Not since David Cort's piece on "The Time & Life of Luce" (*The Nation,* February 18, 1956), has any American journalist written about the newsmagazines with more authority and insight than Mr. Bagdikian.

TWO SOUTHS

Little Rock and Johannesburg . . *by Anthony Sampson*

London

HOWEVER MUCH one had been warned, it is a severe shock, after living in South Africa, to visit the American South. For, with all the differences of the continents, the resemblance is astonishing.

It is not only the obsession with race, with the same shibboleths and slogans, and the same stock phrases about Communists, "nigger agitators" and "would you like your daughter to marry one of them?" It is the whole brooding atmosphere of the South—half-charming, half-terrifying—which is so immediately reminiscent of South Africa. There is the same sense of splendid isolation, in which the rest of the world seems suddenly to disappear, and the Supreme Court or the United Nations seems as distant as the moon.

Quite apart from the color problem, there are strong resemblances in the character of the American Southerner and the Afrikaner in South Africa; they were molded by the same kind of history and sociology. Both societies have developed from the isolation of the frontier, with the gun, the Bible and the ox-cart as their powerful symbols.

ANTHONY SAMPSON, on the staff of The Observer *(London), is the author of* The Treason Cage, *which deals with the recent treason trials in South Africa.*

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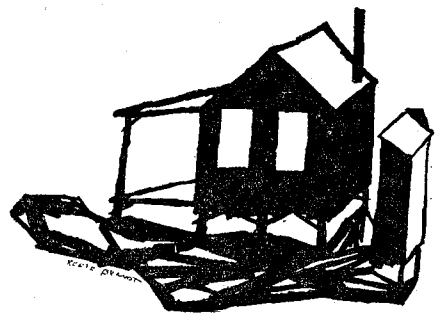
Both have a stern Calvinist tradition, a lingering belief that they are a "chosen race," and a sense of guilt augmented by the habit of miscegenation. In both continents, the richer whites have a slow patriarchal charm, fostered by heat and leisure; while the poor whites have a violent roughness, alternating between hatred for the Negro and real sympathy and understanding for him.

Even more striking is the resemblance in their wars—the Civil War and the Boer War—which still dominate their present. The Yankees in the South and the British in South Africa were the same kind of intruders—rich, industrial, detribalized and committed to the extinction of slavery; and the continuing resentments against them were also similar. The Yankees continued to control the capital of the South as the British controlled the industry of South Africa; at the same time, the Afrikaners and Southerners themselves became slowly industrialized, urbanized and detribalized, with all the readjustments that were involved.

In places, their history is so similar that even the outward appearance of the towns is very close. The oil city of Dallas, with its sheer skyscrapers rising suddenly out of the Texas prairie, with ramshackle Negro huts in the middle of town and white suburban mansions outside, has the same higgledy-piggledy mixture of concrete and gingerbread, boom city and hick town, that you find in the gold metropolis of Johannesburg: and both cities seem to express the quick, harsh transition from a slow agricultural country to an industrial complex, and all the bewilderments that follow for both whites and blacks.

But the most reminiscent sight I discovered in the South was West Ninth Street, Little Rock—the main Negro street in the city. Just next to a white street, it makes a spectacular contrast to the city center. Instead of shiny shops and stone offices, it presents a row of tumbledown shops, with grandiloquent handwritten signs like "Tonsorial Parlor," "Metropolitan Tailors," "Varsity Barber"—or, as anti-climax, "Poor Boys Sandwich Shop" and "Red's Pool Hall." Outside one shop were fuzzy brown photographs of Negro girls and youths in mortarboards. Next door was "Christ Temple Holiness Church" and a funeral home. Along the opposite side of the street was a row of dirty wooden shacks, like large beach-huts, with large old Negro men swinging on sofas suspended from the cast-iron balconies.

It seemed at first sight an almost exact reproduction of Sophiatown, the condemned Negro township in Johannesburg which has been the setting of so much writing about South Africa. There was the same combination of proud aspirations



and high-sounding phrases with homely, villagey squalor; the same profusion of churches, funeral institutions, tailors and mountebanks; the same loud life of the streets and the open, restless cafes.

IF THERE seemed to be a difference, it was that West Ninth Street in Little Rock was more, not less, segregated than Victoria Road, Sophiatown. A white man was a rarer sight in Red's Pool Hall than in the Back O'The Moon, in Sophiatown. In Little Rock, if you wanted to have lunch with a Negro, you had to bring sandwiches into your office. No one there whom I met had heard of a white man meeting a black man at dinner, as white and Negro sometimes meet in the smart, liberal homes of Johannesburg.

Even in material things, the Negroes in West Ninth Street seemed more forlorn, more left-behind than the Sophiatowners. The clothes were shabbier, the furniture more shaky, the young men less confident and less articulate—unmistakably downtrodden. It seemed as if they remembered that they had once been slaves, as the Zulus and Xhosas of Sophiatown had never been; and perhaps it was not accidental that the Arkansas Negroes seemed in their meek silence less like the Zulus of Johannesburg, who had come to the city of their own accord, than the Matabele of Rhodesia, who had been conquered on their own ground.

Even the regional headquarters of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Little Rock seemed more defensive, and less confident, than the African National Congress, its corresponding organization in South Africa. At the end of a rickety corridor at 616½ West Ninth Street, next to an office labeled "Imperial Potentate III," is the single, small room from which the NAACP operates. Like Congress in South Africa, the NAACP has given up keeping local lists of members, so that no one can seize the files and discriminate against subscribers. One paid secretary sat in a bare room, with scarcely any outward sign of organization. Most of the rest of the local NAACP leaders, unpaid, prefer to operate without a base, and to remain largely anonymous. There was little among the local Negro politicians to suggest confidence that they had the United States Supreme Court, and the rest of the world, behind them.

South Africa and the American South are, of course, vaguely aware of their resemblance, and each uses the other to some extent to bolster morale. White South Africans, in fact, like to imagine America as a rockery of Little Rocks, and they prefer to ignore the differences between North and South. (The fact that Manhattan is an area becoming almost as colored as Johannesburg, and with nothing like its discriminatory laws, is conveniently suppressed.) Both the Southern states and South Africa share a firm, if vague, conviction that it will not be long before a white counter-revolution sweeps the world, the flirtation between the West and the black states will be finished, and the Western leaders will come to realize the wisdom of white supremacy and segregation

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The riots at Notting Hill in London, and the signs of unconstitutional behavior in Ghana, were confidently greeted in both parts of the world as the beginning of this new disillusion with integration and black democracy.

MANY resemblances between the two Souths are undeniable; and behind their national character, their history and psychology, there lies a harsh common experience. Yet their actual situations, and their futures, similar though they look, are in many ways opposite. They are like two ships aground—one at high water, the other at low.

To compare the Negroes of Little Rock with Africans in Johannesburg is, in the first place, demonstrably unfair. The Arkansas Negroes, more like those in a small South African town, are a community which has had many of its potential leaders and bourgeoisie creamed off, decanted, into the North. Much of the apathy and poverty in the Negro quarters is, no doubt, the result of this feeling of being left behind—of having the best men taken away not only geographically, but also socially, into the new and non-committed black bourgeoisie. It is the detaching of the middle class which marks the biggest difference in direction between the black parties in the two Souths: in South Africa the educated Africans are just beginning, after years of hopeless knocking at the doors of white society, to join forces closely with their own common people. In America the educated Negroes, as Franklin Frazier's book (*Black Bourgeoisie*) points out, seem more and more to preoccupy themselves with entering a white or raceless world.

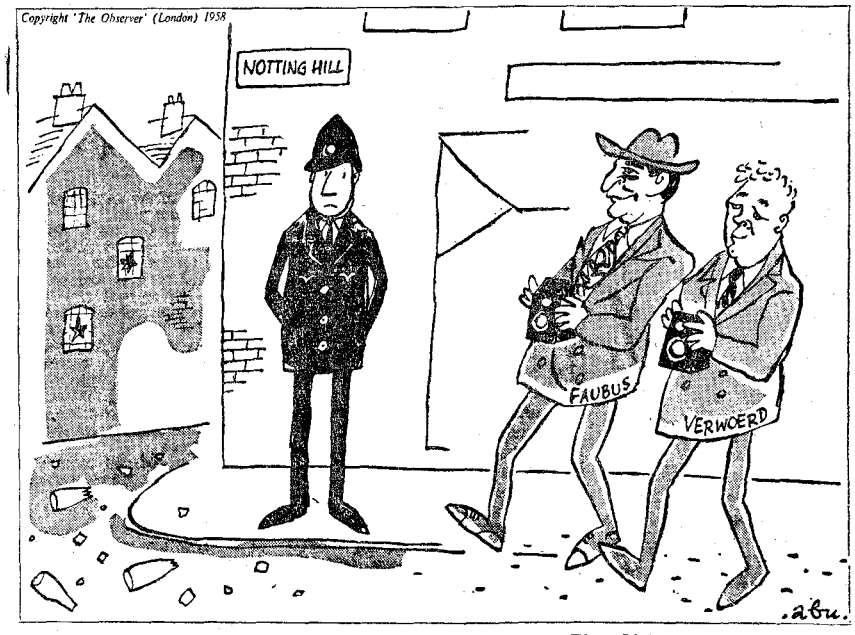
While black South Africa is inevitably becoming more nationalistic, the Negroes of the South are still retreating from their racial front of earlier in the century. To see the difference, one has only to look at the lack of contact (with a few exceptions) between the two black races—a contact much less than it was thirty years ago. While Africans in South Africa look to American Negroes as their heroes and perhaps their comrades-in-arms, the Negroes in the United States have little wish to be associated with a black and, to their mind, primitive continent.

Nor can white Little Rock, any more than its black ghetto, be considered a metropolis in the same way as Johannesburg or Cape Town. The marked absence of white liberals, of serious thinking or discussion, in Arkansas can be explained—though only partly—by their presence in New York or Washington. [*See editorial comment on Page 21.*] In spite of its Capitol and Governor, Little Rock is an unmistakably provincial city, with the intolerance, the stubbornness and conservatism that exist in all provinces. And behind the white stubbornness, in many cases, lies the realization that theirs is a rear-guard action which can only delay the intractable forces of integration. That realization has hardly yet penetrated to South Africa.

But more important than its social attitudes, Arkansas is also financially provincial—dependent for its capital and development on the North; and dependent not only on the industrialists but often directly on the federal government, whose military bases and developments have done much to underpin the economy of the state. It is no secret that since the Little Rock "controversy," the task of persuading industry to move to Arkansas has become a great deal harder. The prospect of a discontented and diminishing Negro labor force is not an encouraging one to investors; while in the background there is the threat that the federal government itself might eventually take sanctions against Arkansas.

In many ways the provincialism of Arkansas has made the task of its segregationists easier. The filtering off of ambitious Negroes to the industries and big cities of the North has left the white supremacists with the tame end of the problem, for it is in the city and the factory where the pressures for integration work most remorselessly.

And it is in this framework, in a way, that the Negro leaders in South Africa have reason to be more confident than the Negroes of Little Rock. Africa's black leaders derive confidence, of course, from the fact that three-quarters of South Africa, and 98 per cent of the continent, is black. But the most powerful force working for Africans in South Africa is not so much their numbers—which are largely concealed in farms and reserves, beyond communication—as in the growth of industry. South Africa contains its "Yankee" cities in its midst—working constantly against the interests of *apartheid*, training skilled Africans, paying them constantly higher wages, fos-



The Observer (London)

Sight-Seers

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tering the big new African consumer market, and making Africans feel important and powerful. In South Africa, there cannot be any escaping, as there is in the American South, from the problems of the end-product of industrialization and education of the Negro. In Africa, these two forces—in spite of all laws to the contrary—can lead only to integration with the white man, who works in the same factory, lives in the same city, buys the same goods.

For this reason, white South Africans can take no comfort from the apparent resemblances to themselves of Little Rock's segregationists. In South Africa there are "California" and "Arkansas" side by side—all the greed and incentive of money and expansion, next to a feudal, strictly segregated, society. It is too early yet to guess how the forces will work out in the eventual showdown which must occur in South Africa. But it is certainly an explosive combination, made infinitely more dangerous by its presence in the midst of a continent in which African nationalism is on the march.

AMERICA'S 'ROTTEN BOROUGHS'.. *by Roscoe Fleming*

A CIVIL-LIBERTIES battle that must yet be fought to a showdown is the one to free this country's urban population from the "rotten borough" domination of a dwindling rural minority. The federal courts may be the battleground. Some federal judges have already indicated their belief that there has occurred an "effective disenfranchisement" of city voters in state affairs which calls for relief under the "equal protection of the law" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

When the country was younger, rural people were the more numerous, and naturally had the majority of seats in state legislatures. Practically all states are constitutionally obligated to reapportion their legislatures to reflect shifts in population. Usually, this is supposed to take place after each ten-year federal census. But less than one-third of the states have done any reapportioning at all in recent years, and some have done none for more than a half-century. State courts have generally refused to interfere, on the ground that the legislature is the judge of its own composition.

Considering the nation as a whole, one-third of the country's voters elect two-thirds of the members of state legislative bodies. And since rural legislators tend to vote *en bloc*, they wield a virtual veto power over state legislation. Domination of one house in a bicameral legislature is usually enough to establish effective legislative control, and this domination the ruralites often enjoy in overflowing measure. In California, for example, 4,500,000 people in Los Angeles County have the same representation in the state senate—one seat—as do 14,000 people in one of the upstate senatorial districts. In Connecticut, one township of 600 population has the same representation in the lower house of the legislature as has Hartford, with 180,000. In each case, the disparity in favor of the rural voters is 300 to 1.

The rural dwellers, quite frank about intending to retain their domination, insist that city people do not understand their problems, and that they themselves do not propose voluntarily to knuckle under to urban majorities. Anyway, reapportionment would abolish many rural representations, and what politician willingly acquiesces in the abolition of his office? Partisan considerations also work against reapportionment. Under present conditions, it is fairly common for one party or the other (Republican in the North, usually, and Democrat in the border states) to retain control of the legislature even when the governorship goes the other way. Nationally, rural domination of the legislatures works to the advantage of the Republicans—though last November, of course, the Democrats made sweeping gains and now control many state legislatures.

Rural legislative majorities often find support in urban business elements; after all, both groups are inclined to conservatism. (A case in point: right-to-work laws, which urban business elements generally support, have been passed, in most instances, by rural-dominated legislatures.) In California, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce opposed a reapportionment proposal that would have given the city increased representation. In Colorado, the Denver Chamber of Commerce opposed a 1956 proposal on the ballot to reapportion in accordance with the state's constitutional provisions. The proposal failed. This year, the state's Republican Lieutenant Governor has been quoted as saying: "I don't know but what I'd rather see rural people dominate the legislatures, even though Denver does get gouged, than see it dominated by Denver Democrats."

THE RESULTS of this general situation are unhappy for city tax-payers. The usual story is that cities must bear virtually all of the cost of their own schools and roads, for instance, and in addition must contribute to the support of schools and roads in rural communities. In many states, cities have little autonomy, requiring legislative permission before they can act in many important matters. Often this permission is forthcoming on a *quid pro quo* basis which may cost the city as much as it gains. This situation forces cities to seek direct federal aid, according to the recent report of a House subcommittee in Washington. The report says:

> The federal government is more representative of, and hence closer to, the people, than many state gover-

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ments. In many states a minority of the voters (typically rural residents) dominate the state legislatures. . . .

But when cities do go to the federal government, they are often denounced by rural elements who oppose federal spending in principle, and want to know why city folk can't stand on their own financial feet. So the squabbling goes on, with increasing ill will on both sides.

In a few instances, states have been able to force reapportionment, usually by the device of taking the matter out of the hands of legislators and putting it in the hands of state officials with instructions to reapportion after each decennial federal census. But most states are still firmly in the grip of rural minorities. Lately there has been a growing disposition by cities to appeal for relief to the federal courts.

In Hawaii, two years ago, a group of urbanites moved to force reapportionment of the territorial legislature, asking "equal protection of the law" under the Fourteenth Amendment. The district court approved the plea, declaring:

> The time has come and the Supreme Court has marked the way, when serious consideration should be given to a reversal of the traditional reluctance of judicial intervention in legislative reapportionment.
>
> The whole thrust of today's legal climate is to end unconstitutional discrimination. It is ludicrous to preclude judicial relief when a mainspring of representative government is impaired. Legislators have no immunity from the constitution.

Hawaii's territorial act was amended to permit reapportionment.

Subsequently, a group of urban residents in Minnesota applied to federal court for reapportionment, pointing out that there had been none in the state since 1913. Last July, the court (a) accepted jurisdiction in the case (in itself a major victory for the complainants); and (b) directed that the complaint be renewed if the 1959 legislature did not reapportion.

A new legislature has now been elected in Minnesota, and its action —or inaction—in the matter of reapportionment will be watched closely throughout the nation.

DILEMMA of the COLLEGE STUDENT

DRAFT-DODGER or PATRIOT? . . *by John C. Esty, Jr.*

FOR THE NEXT few months, college seniors will be focusing their thoughts on how to find a proper place in a society which needs their talents desperately. The most frustrating barrier to this important process is the military manpower situation. Although the draft procedures are complex, it is not complexity that creates the problem for the students. The simple fact is that seniors are required to cope with Defense Department policies that are unimaginative, extemporary, unrealistic and inadequate, even for military purposes. A few examples, drawn from my experience as military-service adviser at Amherst, will illustrate the point:

I recognize him as one of our more alert seniors as he walks in and sits down in the chair by my desk. He has made a good record in college and holds great promise for a meaningful life. He comes right to the point: "I want to go to law school, but I think I should work for a year or two to get some perspective on law as a career. What are my chances of getting drafted during that time?"

This same question, this same slight frown, I have heard and seen hundreds of times. The reply is also the same. "You'll probably get called within about a year after graduation. Wouldn't this be a good way to get some perspective and at the same time serve your military obligation?"

"Perhaps, but I'd hoped to work in a law office and anyway I want to get married in June. I don't want to drag my wife all over the country, especially when the housing is supposedly so bad around Army camps. What do you think I should do? Go to law school right away and hope for deferment?"

Shall I tell him he shouldn't get married? That married life for a buck private isn't so bad? That he should go right to law school to dodge the draft, even though he's not sure it's the right field for him? This would work, of course, but maybe it would be as much of a time-waste as the Army. I'd better just pull out the stock answer: "Why don't you wait and see what Congress does, or perhaps there will be another executive order changing the ground rules again. Better not make plans now."

The next boy is also a senior—and married already. He has a good job in the executive-training program of a large industrial firm. Now he finds his far-sightedness and assiduity rewarded by the prospect of military service, which will upset his plans completely. He wants to know if it's true that fathers are virtually draft-free. When I confirm this, he shrugs his shoulders: "Well, we don't have any money and we thought we should wait on a family. But if fathers get out of military service, then I'll become a father."

Once during course-registration — a time when our students typically make some attempt at relating their curricular choices to a future goal— a boy came to me with a neat scheme. Out of a generally versatile academic background, he was emerging with a clear talent in classical studies, perhaps headed for teaching or writing. This was the type of person a society must enlist to look backward and soak up the past, to carry along accumulations of wisdom, cultural tradition and ethics; the kind who may not help to build

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Sirens on the Campus . . . *by David Evanier*

Annapolis, Maryland

THE LEAVES are falling briskly these days upon the campus of my college. The winds howl and leaves drift against the windows. The sounds, and the feel of frost in the air, make us feel secure and yet excited as we try to concentrate upon Greek in a classroom isolated from a world outside where so much is happening.

Every morning around 11 o'clock another sound pierces the cold air. The air-raid sirens, under daily test, are heard vaguely in the distance and soon they come closer and grow in intensity until they seem to be surrounding the classroom. They are no longer strange sounds, and teacher and students try to ignore them. Yet there is always the slightest glance of the teacher's eyes toward the window, and a hesitation in his speech. And there is a feeling among the students; deep within every one of us the question leaps to mind—will it happen now? Will it happen tomorrow? I glance from face to face, wondering what my classmates are thinking, and how I would feel if this were the last moment of life.

Speaking about the sirens, one boy said casually, "It's great for the safety of the country"; and, after a moment's pause, he added quietly: "I'm terrorized by it." Another classmate put it succinctly: "It takes a couple of minutes off of Greek." A quiet Negro boy said, "It scared me the first couple of times. . . . Now I'm used to it." He nodded his head vigorously, as if to convince me.

But generally the students do not think it altogether proper or "hip" to show their fear of sirens—or of war. Our government heartily approves of this attitude, of course. On November 15, a former member of the Atomic Energy Commission was quoted in the Baltimore newspapers as saying that America was too afraid of war. What they *should* be afraid of, Thomas E. Murray explained, is a limited war. In a total war, at least "neither ourselves nor the Soviet Union could possibly survive," while in a limited war "the Soviet Union could inflict this kind of piecemeal defeat on us." He complained of the "irrational mood that prevails today, when popular thinking about war is dominated by fear."

AND SO IT is the end of another year, and the students at my college go about their daily tasks, enjoying their work, taking their girls down to the river bank, talking for hours in the coffee shop about Plato and Aristotle and the nature of man. But there are two things that they do not do. They do not read newspapers at all. And they do not plan ahead. Whatever their conscious reasons, the students do not speak of their hopes and plans for the future, and the things they want to do. Except for a small, troubled minority, they support their government, and they hope their government is right. Perhaps as an effect of the cold war years, they cannot conceive of the United States being wrong, and would be afraid to do so.

In my college, at least, very few students are dreaming the dreams of youth or hoping and planning for the goal that should always inspire the spirited and the young: the goal of a world at peace.

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missiles, but might help decide whether it's right to use them. He wanted to see the list of critical occupations for which draft exemption and reduction of reserve requirements are offered. He didn't find classical studies. He did find physics—and that's what he's majoring in.

SHALL WE call it lack of patriotism? Are these spineless or cynical young men of the "silent," "cautious" generation, who don't care about their country? I think not. Listen to the Amherst *Student* editorializing on the campus visit of Marine officers recruiting for the Platoon Leaders Course:

> We read daily how the Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile is now obsolete, how manpower is being slashed and draft calls are dwindling. Why then sacrifice three years and two summers to the USMC when, with a little effort and information, it is possible to fulfill a military obligation in less than a year, with a reserve commitment which can be waived for men that are entering critical-skills occupations in fields of Chemistry, Physics, Geology and Foreign Languages? It is possible to enroll in the Reserve Forces Act of 1955 six months' program in a rural area where there is *no* filled quota of reservists, go on active duty *after* graduation, and go to work with no reserve commitment except in case of war, when all reservists are called by act of Congress. The military obligation can be fulfilled more easily than by a three-year hitch with the Marine Corps. A contribution to the security of our country can better be made in a research lab than by participation in obsolete field maneuvers at some obscure military outpost.

What particular lecture on American democracy and patriotism do you give to the boy who, having been dressed down for asking directly how to avoid the draft, wonders, "I see so many getting out of it, why should I be the one to go?" You point out that there have always been inequities in manpower conscription; that the burden of Korea fell at first on the reservists of World War II, and that this is why Congress changed from "Selective Service" (service by just those selected) to "Universal Service" (where everyone serves, at least in theory); that war has always consumed those most valuable to society in *any* sense. But he smiles and asks, "Is the senior who goes to graduate school just to get out of military service universal? Is the father universal? Is it universal to be the one sucker in four who gets hooked?"

And it's not just getting hooked that hurts; it's also staying hooked. Consider the story of the boy who applied for admission to us five years after graduation from high school. He had wanted to go to a challenging, Eastern men's college, but had no money at all. So he went to work as a pattern-maker, which carried an "essential-skills" draft deferment. For five years he put money aside for his education, spending some of it along the way on night-school courses, mainly to prepare himself even better for college. When he came to be interviewed, we found he was a boy of high ability and one

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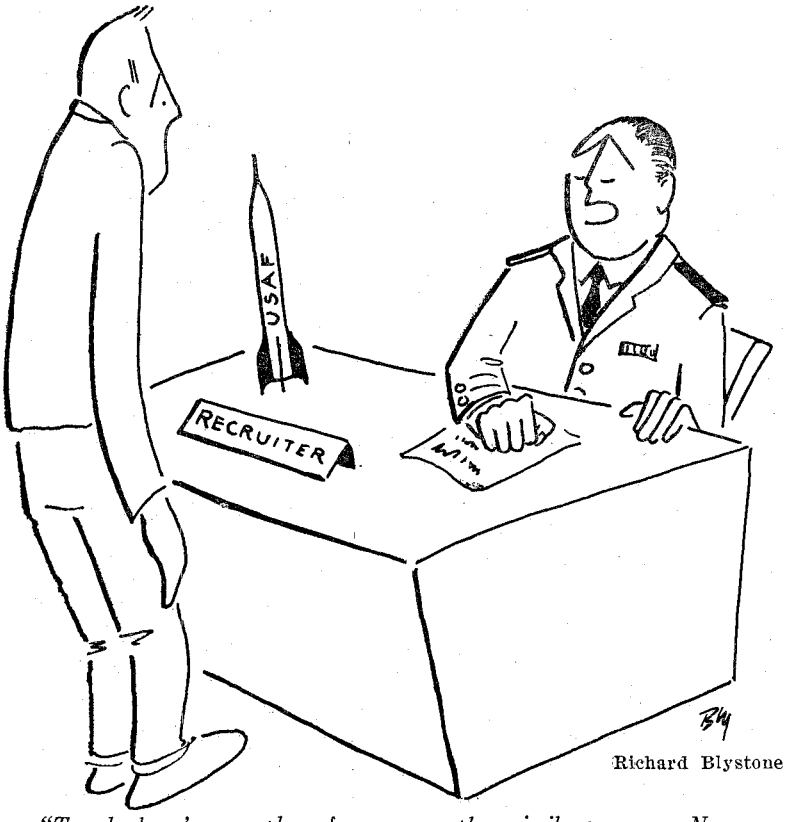
highly motivated to work hard. We accepted him on the spot and offered him a partial scholarship to augment his own savings. It was the kind of case that makes an admission officer, in the midst of his harassment, feel the whole business is worthwhile.

The boy went home elated, quit his job, and enrolled in some summer-school courses we thought would help him in preparation for entrance in September. A week later he was on the phone—with his induction notice in hand! He was not eligible for student deferment, since he was actually not *in* college, so I counseled him to try the six-month program. We would let him enter in February and there was a local reserve unit where he could continue his five-and-a-half-year reserve obligation. He followed this advice and came to us at mid-year. His academic record has borne out our expectation; he has attended his reserve meetings faithfully. Hear his dilemma:

"We have training meetings two evenings a week, since the unit is geared to the academic year, and we are then free during school vacations. The trouble is that I have to study hard—you know I'm on scholarship—and two evenings shot each week is a lot. I would apply for a waiver of the forty-eight meetings required per year in return for an extra two weeks of summer camp (two weeks is required anyway), but then I don't get my summer job. A lot of men don't show up half the time and nothing seems to happen; I just don't dare. Do you know what we do at these meetings? We sit. We listen to a halting personal account of supply operations in the Panama Canal Zone, a lecture on military administration, or a talk on Pentagon organization. Sometimes we stand up and do a few 'column lefts' and 'dress rights.' I don't know what all this has to do with missiles, strategic warfare or even landings in Lebanon. And I've got four more years of it."



"Too bad we've no place for you on the missile program. Now, if you were a physics major or a mouse—"

THESE ARE the kinds of stories and problems a collegiate military-service adviser hears day after day. The advice we must give adds up to something like this: don't plan—wait; become a father sooner than you had planned; go to graduate school even though you're not ready; pick your college major after consulting the draft-exempt list. Any dean or counselor who gives that kind of counsel would ordinarily be fired for incompetency, yet this is what the present military-manpower policies are forcing us to do. We had always tried to proceed from one cardinal principle of advice: do your planning now, as though there were no threat of military service; then see how the service best fits into your plans, and act accordingly.

This idea seemed to be useful during Korea and up to about two years ago. Then the effects of three major changes in atmosphere went to work on the side of confusion.

First, our students read regularly about the great shifts to technological-defense weapons, which are manned by engineers instead of by armies. The "brush-fire" argument for many divisions of standing infantry was undermined by the small number of men involved in Lebanon. They can't help but wonder why so many men, especially unskilled draftees, are needed. (Nor can I; my bias must be showing by now.)

Second, unlike six years ago, education seemed to have gained respectability so that, as the student editorial quoted earlier suggests, it should be as patriotic to develop one's mind and intellectual talents as to serve as clerk-typist in company headquarters. If Congress is willing to appropriate enough money for a National Defense Education Act (inadequate though it is, especially in strengthening public school teaching), doesn't it make sense to let intelligent people serve with their brains instead of their feet—and at no cost to taxpayers?

Finally, the most demoralizing shift in climate has been the manifest breakdown of the Selective Service System in maintaining any semblance of universality; that is, a sense of fairness as to who is drafted and who isn't. It is this aspect of military service which has led the Fund for the Republic, in a paper by John Graham entitled "The Universal Military Obligation," to question seriously the constitutionality of current manpower practices. Excerpted in numerous college newspapers, this paper clearly articulates the inequities which students feel as they try to plan their futures. The

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only course open to one charged with providing advice on military service is to point to the few fixed rules which may indicate some guide to planning. One simply answers four main questions in the minds of college students: What are the current obligations? What is the present status of the draft? What are the alternatives? What are the chances that all this will change?

The first obligation is that every male must register with the Selective Service System on his eighteenth birthday. Most colleges have some official designated as a Local Draft Registrar for the convenience of students. Some time after registration, the registrant is required to fill out a questionnaire on the basis of which he is usually classified 1A by his local board. This classification means he is available for service until such time as he receives a deferment for academic, physical or other reasons. It is customary for students to hold the 1A classification throughout their college careers unless granted a student deferment by their local board (some boards grant deferments automatically). At the present time, students are rarely drafted much below the age of twenty-three. A registrant is additionally obliged to inform his board of any address change (including college attended), any change of status, any plans to leave the country, and to carry his draft card at all times.

The law from which these obligations arise is the Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951, extended in 1955 by Congress until June, 1959. It requires all physically qualified males between the ages of 18½ and 26 to serve two years of active duty and four years of reserve duty—or some administrative equivalent such as six months' active duty and five and a half years' active reserve duty. Those who have received a deferment have their liability age extended from 26 to 35.

Currently any male who is physically qualified—apparently about 40 per cent of any age group fails to qualify—and who is not eligible for deferment (as a student, as a father, as a person with dependents, as a ministerial or medical candidate) may expect to be drafted between the ages of 22 and 23. Doctors and dentists may be deferred because of their professional training, but they then become eligible for a special draft—or the alternative of accepting a commission for two years of active duty—until age 45. In most cases, it is possible for a student to complete four years of college untouched by the draft, but graduate school almost certainly requires deferment. The student deferment is still based on a student's score on the College Qualification Test and on his academic rank.

EVEN THOUGH receipt of a deferment technically makes a student eligible for the draft until he is 35, the armed forces are not interested in inductees over the age of 26. By executive order, local boards are required to exhaust all of the men in each category in the following sequence:

1. Delinquents (i.e., "legal" draft-dodgers).

2. Volunteers (in the order in which they volunteered).

3. Non-volunteers, non-fathers between 18½ and 26 (oldest first).

4. Non-volunteer fathers between 18½ and 26 (oldest first).

5. Men over 26.

Many draft boards are filling their quotas entirely from category 2, and the typical board is operating in category 3 at the 23-year-old level. The fact that these categories have been established to begin with, the fact that the age of probable drafting in category 3 is rising, the fact that the number of men in categories 4 and 5 is increasing dramatically, the fact that draft quotas are dwindling—all point to a huge and growing manpower pool with which the system cannot cope. The result is that more and more legally eligible men are escaping the draft, and the bankruptcy of the "universal" concept becomes clear.

Being drafted—or volunteering, to precipitate the issue—currently involves two years of active service in the Army, which for a college graduate holds fair hope of useful activity (in spite of the "round-hole—square-peg" stories). This is followed by a two-year stint in the Ready Reserve, where active participation is supposedly enforced by the Reserve Forces Act of 1955, and a final two years in the Standby Reserve, which carries no special obligations except in case of general mobilization.

The first alternative to the draft which seems to occur to most college students is complete escape. The attraction of this avenue is directly proportional to the odds involved, which means it's looking better and better all the time. Aside from this unfortunate consequence of current policy, the most popular alternative seems to be the six-month program. The main advantage is clearly the shortened active-duty time; the disadvantages are the long active-reserve period of five and a half years and the fairly useless nature of the total six years' activity. It is likely that before long this program will reach its saturation point; already seniors find that their local reserve units have reached the allotted strength and can accept no more applications.

The second most attractive alternative, especially for those who want to be officers and are willing to give up an extra year or so for the privilege, would be one of the officer-candidate schools of the Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard. After graduation, the candidate completes sixteen weeks of training, three years of active duty, and some combination of Ready and Standby Reserve time for a total of six years. A similar program, the Marine Platoon Leaders Course, substitutes two six-week summer encampments during college for the post-college sixteen weeks' training course, and commissions are awarded at graduation from college. Those seniors who might be interested in becoming aviation cadets are scared off by a five-year active-duty commitment.

FOR SOME reason, there is great reluctance on the part of the Armed Forces to appoint officers directly on the basis of education, background or civilian skills. When I went through officer-training school, the students came from three sources: direct appointment (my own category), ROTC and appointment from the enlisted ranks. At the end of the

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course, the over-all evaluation of each man—including military bearing, drill, leadership—was averaged for each source. The direct appointees, with no prior military experience, ranked significantly higher than the ROTC people and enlisted appointees, who followed in that order.

Various special programs for enlisted men create some interest for the college senior. Opportunities for specialized training—as at the Army Language School—are occasionally considered worthwhile enough to warrant spending an extra year of active duty. There is also the possibility of securing an officer-candidate school appointment directly from the ranks, although this is a real gamble. From time to time one hears of a special "quick opening" program of particular advantage for the college graduate, but these are announced softly and usually last only a short while, so capitalizing on them is a matter of luck.

The alternatives mentioned above are considered mainly by students whose college does not have a Reserve Officers Training Course (ROTC). Where such a program is available, the military obligations of those students not anxious to "take a chance on the draft" are comfortably attended to. But here again the dean, or military counselor, is placed in the position of advising boys to give up a fourth or a fifth of their college work just for the short-range assurance of knowing how and when they will discharge their military obligations. Typically, an ROTC student sacrifices the "impractical" or "non-vocational" courses, such as music appreciation and literature, which might have opened the way for years of leisure time richly and meaningfully spent; or political science, which might have engendered a greater sensitivity to the demands placed on an enlightened citizenry.

WHAT ARE the chances that all this will change? The current draft law expires in June, 1959, and Congress will have to act on new legislation this spring. It is apparent that the present situation will no longer be tenable after a few more months. Every executive action in the past four years has been directed at relieving the pressure of the manpower pool on the draft apparatus by creating more attractive alternatives. (Two years ago the Defense Department published a booklet, *It's Your Choice,* listing more than forty kinds of opportunities for military service.) Yet the monster grows each day. With the failure of these relief valves, the drafting age within category 3 will probably continue to rise until perhaps no one will be drafted except those who volunteer for service to avoid being drafted. The only way out of this paradox, under present law, would be to defer and exempt greater numbers, which would serve only to increase the present uncertainty and inequity. A particularly unfortunate aspect of the situation is the apparent unwillingness or inability of manpower officials to face these manifest breakdowns in the justification and operation of "universal" military service. Having talked with a number of these officials, directly and indirectly, I would guess that the Defense Department will simply recommend continuation of the present draft law.

I am aware that our military manpower policy has been criticized on the bases of unconstitutionality, inadequacy, waste and expense. It should be. But about these grounds I am not especially informed, and can only grumble. I do know, however, of the draft law's effect on college students, and if they are considered to be an important segment of the society, then someone had better pay attention to their perspective. From that perspective, the *status quo* is absolutely unviable, the corruption of "universal" service is corrupting their sense of duty, uncertainty is making cynics of them, and their talents and training are deliberately turned from the service of their country.

It is not yet stylish to be unpatriotic, but the college student can't hold out forever.

THE ZONE OF HUNGER . . *by David Thomson*

Cambridge, England

SINCE last July, generals have come to power in seven countries. In Iraq, Thailand and the Sudan, army leaders seized control by force; in France, the Lebanon, Burma and Pakistan, generals took over by more or less constitutional means. With the United Arab Republic guided by Colonel Nasser and French generals and colonels so active politically in Algeria, these events raise dramatically the question: "Is democracy in retreat?" Commentators have reminded us that these events bring the total number of non-Communist countries ruled by military leaders up to no less than seventeen—if we add in Nationalist China, Portugal, Spain, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Paraguay and Venezuela. Some have even pointed out that President Eisenhower had a military career.

The pattern of events since July has attracted much more comment in the United States than in Britain—comment surely more sensational than events justify, when they are examined more closely. To inflate the position by counting in the South American military governments or Nationalist China is merely misleading, for the military character of these states is hardly novel. Nor is the position in Portugal or Spain. It is still further misleading to lump together as anti-democratic symptoms the role of General de Gaulle in France or the caretaker government of General Ne Win in Burma, along with the rule of Colonel Nasser

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in Egypt, or of General Ibrahim Abboud in the Sudan.

Whatever the common forces that can be detected at work in the world since last July, they cannot be usefully discussed without realizing that for military men to play a leading part in politics has never been uncommon in many parts of the world. And it is a naive assumption that democratic governments have ever been firmly enough rooted in Asia or the Near East since 1945 to preclude the likelihood that men wielding military power would sooner or later play an active role in ruling some of these lands. The meaning of recent trends away from parliamentary government can be defined only by applying a good deal more discrimination.

THE historical record of the years after World War I should be warning enough that regimes set up in a wave of democratic enthusiasm after the unheavals of a great war are liable to prove fragile, and quite likely to succumb to military control in times of unrest. Between 1926 and 1929—in the years preceding the Great Depression which set in only after 1929—military dictatorships replaced more democratic regimes under General Primo de Rivera in Spain, General Carmona in Portugal, Marshal Pilsudski in Poland, President Smetona in Lithuania. Royalist-clericalist-militarist regimes were at the same time set up in Austria and Yugoslavia, and Field Marshal Hindenburg became President of the German Weimar Republic. Admiral Horthy had already, for years, ruled Hungary. Wherever, in short, political conditions were unstable, economic conditions bad, nationalist movements restless, or the threat of Communist influence strong, there power went to strong-arm rulers purporting to safeguard an existing social order against radical change. These events prior to 1929 are the proper analogy with recent events in Asia and the Near East. They need not lead on by any inevitable historical process to fascism, unless there should intervene some contemporary counterpart to the world economic crisis of 1929-33.

The military take-overs in Burma, Pakistan and Thailand resemble those of Europe in the twenties in that they represent an escape from (and a violent reaction against) weak, corrupt and ineffective parliamentary systems. Asiatic countries still mainly lack the social and educational foundations, as well as the political habits and traditions, of sound representative parliamentary institutions. If the first impulse of members of parliament is to buy or sell political support, of ministers

Nasser

to use their office for private gain or advancement, of public officials to resort to graft, then popular disillusionment with unfamiliar parliamentary regimes sets in fast. It becomes easy for military leaders—claiming to represent national interests of solidarity and security—to wrest power from them. This is the easiest when the popular struggle has been not for individual rights and freedoms (as these are understood by Western democracy), but for national independence and sovereignty, and territorial security against neighboring enemies. When political parties, divided by ideology or class, have proved repeatedly that they cannot combine to form a stable and effective government, the appeal of strong-arm soldier-rule becomes irresistible.

TO THIS extent, the overwhelming popularity of General de Gaulle and his new constitution in France, is on a par with the ascendancy of General Ne Win in Burma. Both were reactions against a weak and ineffectual parliamentary system, and both were alternatives to left-wing coalitions which would involve Communist support. France, with its five million Communist voters, shared in the fear of communism that operates along the Asiatic fringe. But there the analogy ends, and the reasons for Army ascendancy in Asia and the Near East must be sought more in social and economic conditions than in predominantly political considerations.

The economic foundations of democracy have been defined and understood much less clearly than democracy's political forms. To transplant full-fledged the electoral devices and the parliamentary procedures which Western European nations gradually and laboriously developed in peculiar economic conditions has usually been to court disaster. The disaster came in Eastern Europe after World War I. It has come, to some extent, in Asia after World War II. It is to be expected that the peoples of Asia (as also of Africa) will now grope their way toward forms of self-government that match their current needs and their national aspirations. It is a thorny path they tread, beset with dangerous alternatives of militarism and communism. But the relative success of India's parliament, and her remarkable experiment in seeking fresh political vigor at the grassroots level of the village communities, are indications of potential advance. Even President Soekarno's notions of "guided democracy" in Indonesia imply an encouraging spirit of inventiveness.

AGAIN, for understanding democracy's economic foundations, experience between the two wars offers some guide. In 1920, outside the Soviet Union, Western democracy was in great vogue all over Europe. Its popularity rested on the impressive proof which the war had given that it was the Western democratic countries—France, Belgium, Great Britain, the Commonwealth, the United States—which had withstood most effectively the upheavals of war: it was democracy that had won the war. The old autocratic dynastic empires of Eastern Europe, and even the streamlined militarist empire of

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Germany, had gone down in defeat. By 1939, democracy survived in the dozen or so countries that enjoyed the highest standard of living—and it survived hardly anywhere else. Its collapse had been closely connected with continued scarcity and material hardship throughout all save the most fortunate countries, and with the repercussions of the Great Depression.

THE recession of democracy in our own days is likely to be equally closely related to a recession in world economy. If it is in retreat in Asia or the Near East, it is in retreat less before the power-lusts of ambitious soldiers than before the ineluctable pressure of fast-growing populations on inadequate productive sources. When the United Nations experts on population conferred in Rome four years ago, they noted that

> . . . A belt of countries from Morocco through the Near East to the Philippines will show accelerating growth: populations which numbered 1,300 millions in 1950 will reach 2,000 millions by 1980.

The neatest coincidence of patterns in recent events is not between new and weak parliamentary regimes and military coups, nor even between peoples most directly threatened by communism and anti-Communist nationalist armies paving the way for fascism. It is not even, as has been suggested in America, between former colonial peoples deprived of preparation for self-government and non-colonial peoples: in view of the experiments in India and Burma, as compared with the dramatic coups in Thailand, Iraq and the Sudan, the converse may be truer.

The most significant coincidence is between the zone of maximum population pressure on backward economies, indicated by the demographers at Rome, and the zone where democracy is experiencing its greatest difficulties. This happens also to be, in large part, the fringe between the Communist and the so far non-Communist worlds in the Near East and Asia. It is the most crucial trouble-area in the whole world. And here Malthusianism, not militarism, is the gravedigger of democracy.

The population of the Sudan grew from nearly eight million in 1948 to more than ten million in 1956; of Burma from eighteen to nearly twenty million in the same years. Pakistan rose from seventy-five million in 1950 to 83.5 million in 1956. Most spectacular of all, Indonesia grew from seventy-two million in 1947 to eighty-four million in 1957: by one-sixth in a decade. The social and political consequences of such increases differ, inevitably, according to the corresponding resources at the disposal of these countries, and to their rate of development of these resources. But here, surely, lies the most basic of all clues to their political fortunes. With the population of the world as a whole increasing at the rate of more than one additional mouth to feed every second — some 90,000 more human beings every twenty-four hours — and with the incidence of increase concentrated in areas where productivity tends to be low and the need for technical and financial aid especially urgent — it is hardly surprising that the outcome is political unrest and instability.

BUT IS there any causal connection between this basic Malthusian situation and the rise to power of military leaders? It is possible only to suggest general links. Newly-won national independence fosters high hopes and rosy expectations. Economic factors forbid the speedy realization of such hopes. What more natural than to blame the parliamentary regimes and governments of the day?

If quick and radical results are wanted and needed in the economic field, it is tempting to resort to more authoritarian governments, especially if there are available military elites used to dealing with the foreign suppliers of financial and technical aid, and apparently offering comforting reassurance to such suppliers that the aid will not be spent in strengthening communism. As the United States is one of the chief sources of aid, it may be all the more flattering to American self-esteem if the new regimes assume a presidential pattern, in contrast with the British parliamentary model or the French *gouvernement d'assemblée*. The most self-assertive nationalists are seldom averse to a little oriental persuasiveness, when they can appeal also to strong anti-colonial prejudices.

If this be the trend, the moment of truth must come two or three years hence, when the new regimes will be judged by how far they, in their turn, have succeeded or failed in easing the pressure of ever-growing populations on economies that are less dynamic in their rate of growth. It is doubtless easier for military regimes than for parliamentary governments to repress or retard the overt results of this pressure: is it also easier for them to ease the pressure itself?

THE ANSWER to this crucial question depends on how far the new rulers are able to enlist the understanding and efforts of the people as a whole; how much they are able (and willing) to lead the people toward more mature political attitudes and habits, as did Ataturk in Turkey. The peril of putting a soldier in power is not that he may be less able than the existing alternatives to achieve statesmanlike results. It is that if he is less liable than his civilian alternatives to jobbery and bribery, he may be more open to the temptations and corruptions of power; the good he does may be offset by his becoming irremovable without revolution or national defeat.

These perils apart, the ultimate test of wisdom for every form of regime in the hunger-haunted zone of the world is its determination and its ability to remove the specter of impoverishment and starvation raised by the procreativeness of men. The problem of Asia and the Near East is only partially stated if it is described as the choice between democracy, communism or fascism. It is, in essence, the problem of how to correlate the demand for food, expanding every day, with the supply of food, which is already so inadequate that half mankind is undernourished. The choice is not between guns and butter. It is between more food (or fewer mouths) and remorseless starvation.

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Three Windows on Cummings

95 POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace. 100 pp. $4.
E. E. CUMMINGS: A MISCELLANY. Edited by George J. Firmage. Argophile Press. 241 pp. $6.50.
THE MAGIC-MAKER: E. E. CUMMINGS. By Charles Norman. Macmillan. 400 pp. $8.

M. L. Rosenthal

WHEN E. E. Cummings' collected volume *Poems 1923-1954* appeared five years ago, its effect was like eating a whole cheesecake at one sitting. Cummings was not put on this earth to publish *Gesammelte Werke,* but to issue forth little sheaves containing a few poems of sensuous life-awareness, some intransigent jeers and shockers, and various visual aids to verbal explosion.

His work has not changed essentially since his early successes, except that quieter, more somber tones can occasionally be detected and that his weaknesses (sentimentality and an insistent presumption of his own superior sensitivity) loom larger than before. His hand is now not always on top of the work, and the old tricks are not generally brought as masterfully into play. There is nothing in this latest book to match poems like "who's most afraid of death? thou" and "(ponder,darling,these busted statues"—lyrical monologues which for a moment can make the earth fall away from under us, even though we all too soon discern behind them the "magic-maker" and his manipulations. Writing of this kind, intensely evocative of the pity of our common mortality and often charged with a nostalgic eroticism, represents the height of Cummings at his most serious—unless we include the best of his angrily satirical poems (e.g., "I sing of Olaf") and of the frankly sexual:

> I like my body when it is with your
> body. It is so quite new a thing. . . .

Out of such moods have come his main triumphs as a performer. If we add the pieces that are pure prestidigitation, and those generally akin to the spirit of Herriman's old comic-strip *Krazy Kat* (whose virtues Cummings has often extolled) or to old-time burlesque, we have the main range of this poet's limited, really two-dimensional art.

95 Poems, thus, adds little to the body of Cummings' brittle best. He has always tottered on the edge of a disastrous banality; indeed, he has slipped over it and been all but killed a number of times. Now, however, he seems less aware that an effort is needed in the structuring of particular poems to save himself; we get too many lines like "the courage to receive time's mightiest dream," and quite often in a limp context. The implication intended in these instances is that the poet's central thought—that he loves someone, or feels that he is an individual separate from other people, or thinks that man must justify himself to God rather than vice versa—is so luminously revelatory that he is required to give no more than a *hint* of poetic form.

Yet often the old bag of tricks is still much in evidence—the broken or delayed word, the grammatical shiftings (adverbs used as adjectives, etc.), the syntactic juggling, the vaguely romantic mysticism implied through the use of certain abstract words and symbolic trademarks. The wonderful thing about it originally was that it enabled Cummings to blow open otherwise trite and bathetic motifs through a dynamic rediscovery of the energies sealed up in conventional usages. But now it is usually presented as if it were an end in itself. And what a task it would be to separate one "enormous" or "dream" or "always" or "death" or "life" or "fragrance" or "universe" from another. The following passage (admittedly out of context—I am not talking about its intelligibility but about its vocabulary and syntax) is indistinguishable from a hundred others in Cummings, and because of that fact alone cannot be read for its intrinsic qualities—

> enormous this how
> patient creature (who's
> never by never robbed of
> day) puts always on by always
> dream. . . .

In the few pieces where the old tricks do still work wonderfully, the disciplining factor is the fineness of the conception, which compels the poet to make a special effort to get everything down just right. Few other poets could catch an *aperçu* so beautifully and sculpturally on the wing as Cummings does in Poem 40:

> silence
> .is
> a
> looking
> bird:the
> turn
> ing;edge,of
> life
> (inquiry before snow

"Silence is a looking bird; the turning edge of life; inquiry before snow." The images, interesting in themselves, accumulate a range of connotation belied by the poem's physical brevity. Punctuation and line-arrangement control the pace at which the connotations come into view. First, there is the isolated-*silence,* emphasized by the space below it and then the period, which is not final but musically transitional: Silence (pause) *is.* Then the "is" becomes a bridge in its turn: Silence is a *looking.* The gerund changes to participle as we move on: a looking *bird*—and perhaps, by association, a *mocking bird* as well? By the poem's end we have crossed many boundaries between subjective awareness and objective universe; silence seems a confrontation of two states whose terms of meaning are always changing. With the concluding (but unclosed) parenthesis the whole mysterious, freshly felt experience of silence has become a relationship between the clear-eyed, awed, but uncowed observer and the imponderable, relentless nature of things. This is Cummings, now, at his best. What a difference between poem 40 and the feeble daubs of half-finished verse that mar so much of this book.

E. E. CUMMINGS: A Miscellany is a collection of prose-pieces written since the poet's late twenties. *The Enormous Room* and parts of *Eimi* have shown us how brilliantly Cummings can handle a heightened impressionistic prose that approaches poetry. The pieces reprinted here, however, are mostly journalistic; more than half the book, in fact, is given over to articles and sketches Cummings wrote for *Vanity Fair* in the three years after his thirtieth birthday. The style is generally amateurish, with mingled echoes of Mencken, Pound and such other contemporaries as Lardner and Donald Ogden Stewart—lurching stabs of wit, at times a gauchely hectoring manner; one is rather puzzled to find the author saying in a preface that there is "nothing dead" in the book. A few of the pieces are of durable interest: a 1915 essay, incisive and truculent, on "The New Art" (Brancusi, Satie, Gertrude Stein, *et al*); a fine appreciation of Lachaise, done in 1920; the *Vanity*

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Fair pieces on Cocteau, on the art of the revue, on the circus, on burlesque; one or two satirical fictions, especially "When Calvin Coolidge Laughed" and "Helen Whiffletree, American Poetess." These, and some of the later pieces, stand out cleanly from the general dross, showing Cummings as a typical advance-guardist capable of sparkling moments but never going much beyond the initial discoveries of his artistic generation. As in his poems, he can be a master of disrespectful needling: his "Weligion Is Hashish" (1933) is devastating in its refusal to take Communist ideals seriously; his "Speech II" (1938) shows him as an earlier practitioner of the kind of rhetorical invective we now associate with Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti. It also shows him capable of sustained indignation against racial bigotry despite his own dubious practice in certain poems. But too much of his incidental prose is preserved here; as a whole, it is not impressive.

MR. NORMAN's study is a frank tribute to the Master, and a wholesale echoing of his attitudes. Once we accept it as such, the book is instructive and often winning. He tells us about Cummings' family background and education, about the events leading to his imprisonment in a French concentration camp with William Slater Brown because of the latter's indiscreet letters to his friends at home during the Great War, about his connection with *The Dial,* his painting and playwriting, his trip to the USSR, his general opinions. The organization is slightly haphazard, and the style sometimes more appropriate to a Broadway column than to the critical biography the author set out to write.

Wallace Stevens, who classified mankind in general as "an unhappy people in a happy world," would, I think, have classified Cummings as being in just the reverse predicament. Something in Cummings' childhood made him sublimely confident that whatever he chose to do or think was beyond criticism. It is what is most annoying about him—and, in his gestures of disgust toward the networks of authority which trap lesser beings, what is most heartening.

Mr. Norman, completely entranced by his friend's certainties, dismisses or ignores the most telling criticisms of his work and rates him among "the truly great creators of our time"—in fact as *the* "most interesting one" of all. Of course, this Hollywoodian use of the word "great," if followed through, would force us to call Yeats colossal and Dante and Shakespeare strictly from Cecil B. De Mille. Nevertheless, *The Magic-Maker* does relay useful data on a variety of matters (including the story of little Joe Gould and other helpful oddments leading to a sympathetic recapturing of the American literary twenties), and the body of Cummings' poetry is worth at least one loyal friend's unstinted admiration. I wish, though, that Mr. Norman had not found it necessary to pass along such scholarly findings as that "Professor Harry Levin of Harvard . . . sees an affinity between Cummings and Hemingway because of certain poems. . . ." So do I, and so does any man who ever read them both. There are some insights, say what you will, that should be suppressed.

The Fortress of Delinquency

THE SHOOK-UP GENERATION. By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Bros. 244 pp. $3.95.

Albert K. Cohen

REPORTERS rush in where professors fear to tread. Perhaps it is as well that the reporter is Harrison Salisbury. The American public has never been so worried about delinquency. For many people — perhaps most — delinquency means hordes of teen-agers, with dope in their veins and hate in their hearts, moving with cruel and bloody abandon through our streets and parks, through the corridors of our schools, and under our windows. It is a specter that frightens and baffles. The public deserves a book that presents, with both heat and light, a realistic description of the fighting gang, a diagnosis of the malady, an evaluation of efforts at control, prescriptions and exhortation. I think it presumptuous for a reporter to attempt this; I would have counseled against it; and I am glad Mr. Salisbury did it.

His book has a splendid description of the New York fighting gang, its organization, the kids, the daily round, the place of bopping in the gang's scheme of things, the feel and smell of the neighborhoods. It has perspective: the terror and tragedy are vividly drawn but the children are human, not monsters. It is passionate but not panic-stricken: "In the country as a whole such youngsters constitute only a tiny fraction of the total adolescent population. . . ." It touches thoughtfully and with sophistication — although sometimes too briefly — on a wide range of issues: the relationship of race conflict to gang conflict, cultural differences among ethnic groups and consequent difficulties in adjusting to the expectations of American urban society, the part played by misguided housing policy in the creation of new hotbeds of delinquency, the importance of academic disability in producing problems of adjustment which in turn dispose to delinquency.

And — very important — it does not succumb to the tempting and widespread tendency to explain delinquency as a natural and obvious consequence of whatever other features of our society we happen to find objectionable. Specifically, it considers and rejects the notions that delinquency is the inevitable product of a world atmosphere of war and violence, of the gap between the moral standards adults proclaim and their actual conduct, of the preoccupation of the mass media with brutality and crime.

WHAT, then, are Mr. Salisbury's own views on the reasons for the rising tide of delinquency, and of the bopping gang in particular? The elements of his theory are nowhere pulled together into a disciplined, coherent statement, but I think that this would be a fair summary. The source of delinquency lies in the home and the community — especially the home. The lack of love and care and attention in the home produces "shook-up" children, children who cannot cope with the "complex problems of the contemporary age and the eternal turbulence of adolescence." Salisbury quotes with approval the New York Youth Board slogan: When Family Life Stops, Delinquency Starts. Broken, disorganized and inadequate families, unable to give their children the support they need, and communities of such families, unable to act together in their common interests, are the product of mobility. Whenever you have large-scale movements of population within the city or between cities and especially from essentially peasant communities to huge urban agglomerations, you get neighborhoods of economically marginal, rootless, confused, struggling, impotent families, and these families spawn "shook-up," hostile and rebellious children.

On what to do about it, Salisbury writes with passion and eloquence and much good sense. He is forthright and detailed about the schools, housing, the

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churches, the street club worker and the coordination of efforts and planning on a city-wide scale. He is convinced that we know what we must know to lick the problem. We do not lack the knowledge or the means; we lack only the will.

BUT the facts about delinquency are seldom so simple as we would like them to be, or as Salisbury says they are. The history of the study of crime and delinquency is a chronicle of error. There are many versions of the truth about juvenile delinquency, each self-evident to somebody; you don't adjudicate among them by asseveration. Words with vague and sprawling boundaries, heavily freighted with emotion, may, when used judiciously, help to season an otherwise arid text, but they add nothing to understanding when seriously used as diagnostic or explanatory concepts. It is perhaps too much to ask that a popular book and a short one should be scholarly. This one isn't.*

Take the notion of "shook-up." These are "shook-up" kids in a "shook-up" age. They are delinquent kids *because* they are "shook-up." This is, then, an important "concept." It purports to explain a lot, and the author leans heavily upon it. I may be a square but I don't know what "shook-up" means. I have an impression from the context that it means "emotionally disturbed" or "mentally sick," but I'm not sure; for that matter, I'm not too sure what *these* terms mean. I do know that, in careful and systematic studies of delinquents and non-delinquents, the delinquents have not turned out, in general, to be sicker mentally, or even more neurotic, than non-delinquents. I am not arguing that delinquents are not "rebelling" against something, that they are not "disturbed," that delinquency is not a way of dealing with the problems of adjustment that their society has thrust upon them. But everybody has problems. The unanswered questions are: what are the problems to which "delinquent subcultures" are appropriate responses, and what are the circumstances which determine the choice of these solutions? It may well be that the fighting gang culture and the teen-age drug addict culture (Salisbury says the drug addicts are even more "shook-up" than the others) appeal to kids who are in some sense "sick," and some of the research in New York City seems to support this. On the other hand, researchers in Chicago, including Harold Finestone, whom Salisbury relies on for his description of the "cat" culture of the addict, don't think so. Maybe the New York investigators are right, but you don't just cite the authorities whose views fit your thesis, or cite them where they fit and ignore them where they don't.

Salisbury does not equivocate. There is "nothing mysterious about the origin of shook-upness. New York is just not doing the plain, simple and often inexpensive things that thousands of workers have repeatedly demonstrated will effectively reduce delinquency. . . ." Our city school systems are prepared "to place into operation an active improvement program for adolescents within a matter of weeks, if not days. In most cases all that is needed is a little money and a go-ahead order. The teachers know what to do. . . ." Since everything is known about the causes and cure, it would follow that there is no need for research, and any reference to such a need is conspicuously absent in this book. Since everything is known and the resources are at hand, the only missing ingredients are "common sense, civic leadership and community responsibility."

THE fact is that little is known with certainty. I can't guess how many millions of dollars have been invested in delinquency control programs in the last fifty years. This money has been spent with the noblest intentions, and invariably grandiose claims are made about the effectiveness of the expenditures. Research directed to the evaluation of these claims has been infinitesimal, but the studies that have been done have almost always sadly deflated our expectations. For example, "everybody knows," or at least Mr. Salisbury knows, that if an intelligent, kindly, warm-hearted, mature adult spends a lot of time with a child, is available when the child is in trouble, helps him with his school work, intercedes for him in court, gets to know his family, etc., and does this over a period of years, the ministration cannot help but greatly reduce the probability of delinquency. The well-known Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study took two groups of children from underprivileged areas, provided the members of one group with this kind of adult support for four to six years, and left the other group alone. A careful follow-up comparison revealed no significant differences with respect to delinquency and crime. The moral of this and of the handful of other evaluative studies is *not* that delinquency control efforts are futile. We have obviously got to experiment and, if necessary, dig deep down in our jeans. There is too much at stake to stand idly by. The moral is, rather, that faith, energy and a pure heart are not enough, and that it is almost as important to study the consequences of what you are doing as it is to do it.

We have, as a matter of fact, learned a great deal from what has been done. We have learned a great deal, especially, about what does *not* work, about what our agencies and programs do *not* do, and many of these lessons are well stated in Mr. Salisbury's book. We have learned that traditional social work methods premised upon a client's coming to the agency and asking for help, and traditional settlement house policies and recreational programs, operated by middle-class people under middle-class standards, do not get to the "hard-to-reach" families and children, those who are most in need of help. Social workers are now developing new methods, including "reaching out" or, if you will, thrusting oneself upon the resistant, the fearful, the distrustful; including also "detached worker" programs with street gangs. These are promising developments, deserving our fullest support, but they are still evolving, and we have yet to determine their effectiveness. Mr. Salisbury has little patience with this kind of shilly-shallying. He says, in effect: Give the teachers, the social work-

*The book also shows some signs of hasty research. As one example, a study of college students which is attributed to me (and which I would be happy to acknowledge) was in fact carried out by Austin Porterfield.

Across the Valley

The vixen, trembling in desire,
hugs to the earth,
and I look to the smoke of winter's fire.

Across the valley, rooftops rise,
a dozen chimneys!
Blackbirds, grey clouds, are stroked on the waiting skies.

One feels the drifted leaves beneath
the downhill step,
at last the leaves, and then the stones beneath.

GENE BARO

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ers, the psychiatrists, the clinical psychologists, the other practitioners the "go-ahead" and a few dollars and they will all agree on just what should be done, they will scurry to the arsenal and take up the trusted weapons that have been gathering dust so long, and the fortress of delinquency will rapidly fall before their serried ranks. It is no service to these professions — and it is no service to our youth — to spread the impression that we know all we need to know about how our society produces delinquency and about how we can reduce it to minor proportions quickly, safely, cheaply, if only we determine to do so.

Nevertheless, this is an important book. I don't think you will find any single volume that treats the subject of the fighting gang so intelligently from so many angles. It just is not the last word.

Strike Story

DIARY OF A STRIKE. By Bernard Karsh. University of Illinois Press. 180 pp. $3.50.

Harvey Swados

ONCE Mr. Karsh, who is associate professor of sociology at the University of Illinois, has paid his perfunctory tribute to the jargoneers of the social so-called sciences ("The strike is both an overt expression of the conflict and a method of expediential resolution leading to a new *modus vivendi.* . . ."), he settles down to business and tells a most fascinating story. It is one that we need to be reminded of from time to time, and his book should therefore be highly recommended.

What Professor Karsh did was to study a mill strike in the Midwest, by carefully interviewing and listening to the management and to a selected sample of four kinds of workers: the local union leadership (one hundred per cent interviewed), the rank-and-file group (one-quarter interviewed, because the response was "extremely homogeneous"), the fence-sitters (one-third interviewed for the same reason), and the non-strikers (not systematically interviewed, but spoken to individually). In addition, he wire-recorded several lengthy interviews with the extremely articulate and experienced union organizer who led the workers out on strike and forward to victory; this union official made available to Karsh his complete office files—ranging from organizers' reports and leaflets to the transcripts of all legal proceedings and the texts of songs chanted on the picket line—and his personal files as well, including outlines of his speeches, memos of telephone conversations, and so on. From this wealth of material the author has culled the basic story of a successful strike.

BY telling the story chronologically, instead of merely summarizing the data gleaned from his 57-question interview guides and from the other information at his disposal, Karsh has managed to invest it with suspense as well as with other more enduringly valuable attributes. As we observe the organizer first failing to make headway against a paternalistic employer in a declining town, then winning the workers as the employer loses his head and turns stubborn, we become involved in the intricate maneuvering of the organizer, in his sudden desperate calling of a strike, in the jockeying back and forth throughout the conflict, the name-calling, the singing, the improvisations, the sabotage and the final victorious settlement. In the course of our involvement, it seems to me, we become re-acquainted with certain facts of life which may seem alphabetically simple to the organizer but which the rest of us tend to file away in a corner of our minds, reserving them for headlined revolutionary situations.

Thus the reader cannot but be struck by the close correspondence in many ways between a strike and a military engagement, and I do not refer here to obvious matters of strategy or tactics but rather to the élan of the participants, their communion of aspiration, their unselfishness and indeed occasional heroism, their devotion to a larger ideal than personal advancement. (Karsh notes meticulously that many of these factors come to be true also of non-strikers who, under the pressures of community scorn and loneliness, develop their own sense of brotherhood.) I found most absorbing the detailed description of the ingenious improvisations devised by previously stolid millhands to frustrate delivery of fuel to the struck plant, to harass the non-strikers, to heighten morale among their fellows. When an ordinary man is put to the test, whether in a Midwest mill town or in Budapest or Poznan, he amazes himself and his family and friends—and sometimes the rest of the world as well.

What is more, the few weeks or months of the strike, so minute a fraction of a man's adult life, can often be (as with a soldier veteran) the high point of his life, the reference point from which he judges himself and those about him. He will never be the same after the strike, nor will the community in which the strike took place. Things may look—to the surface observer—as they were before, but they are not, because those who were acted upon became actors, and in that brief period on a tiny corner of the stage of history experienced the extraordinary exhilaration usually vouchsafed only to the moving figures dominating the scene.

Those of us who persist in being democrats, and hence believe in the inalienable right of the acted-upon to make history too, may hopefully be impelled by this book to renew our search for moral equivalents to fratricidal conflict.

HARVEY SWADOS' latest book is On the Line, *a novel dealing with the lives of auto workers.*

LETTER from NAPLES

William Weaver

NAPLES is the Italian city few foreigners know. All of them come here, swarming off the big liners at the *Stazione marittima* and swarming aboard the little ones, bound for Capri and Ischia. Buses from Naples take the tourists to Pompeii and Sorrento; trains whisk them north to Rome and Florence and Venice. But the city itself, except for a narrow strip of plush hotels and chic bars along the sea-front, remains unknown. Huddled on the hill between the busy port and the museum-monastry of San Martino, it exists only for the Neapolitans.

Poor as it is materially—and its poverty is as obvious as a gaping wound—Naples is rich in artists, in almost every field. Neapolitans write the songs of the nation—and Northern Italian song writers study Neapolitan glossaries to get on the band wagon. Sophia Loren is Neapolitan, and so is Vittorio De Sica. Just after the war, a whole school of Neapolitan novelists began to appear—Domenico Rea, Michele Prisco, Giuseppe Marotta — some of whom have been translated into English.

But the real Neapolitan genius lies in the theatre, and here the tradition is almost as old as the city itself. The current heir to this tradition is Eduardo

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De Filippo, an actor, born of actors, and a playwright and director of great talent. His *Napoli Milionaria,* written shortly after the war, described—in comedy as bitter as unripe fruit—the wild, black-market era of the American occupation. In later plays, like *Questi Fantasmi* ("These Ghosts") and *La Grande Magia* ("The Big Magic"), his comedy took a more Pirandellian turn, into speculation on reality and imagination.

De Filippo is in every way a man of the theatre. A few years ago, he rebuilt the war-destroyed Teatro San Ferdinando, an old theatre in the most poverty-stricken, over-populated section of the city. There he established a repertory company, acting in Neapolitan dialect a number of revivals of old Neapolitan plays (including those by Scarpetta, the Italian Feydeau) and, occasionally, in new plays written by himself. In the San Ferdinando, a few weeks ago, he staged one of the most important events of the Italian season: a revival—or rather a reconstruction—of the century-old farce *Pulcinella in cerca della sua fortuna per Napoli* ("Pulcinella seeking his fortune in Naples"), by Pasquale Altavilla.

Altavilla's "play" was really no more than a scenario, a series of outlines which the dialect actors of the time added to, improved on, or simply ignored, as they went about their business of amusing the public. De Filippo added lines, pieced scenes together, chose a first-rate company of Neapolitan actors, and rehearsed them until the production was perfect. *Pulcinella* is as much a ballet as it is a play. The lines are sometimes chanted (a small pit-orchestra plays in the intervals and occasionally during the play), sometimes almost sung; the actors strut or stroll in such a stylized fashion that they seem wound up; and Pulcinella, the mainspring of the piece, dances, sings, cries, shouts and climbs the scenery, as the situations demand.

THOUGH this reconstruction is faithful to the spirit of the 1850 original, there is nothing museum-like about it; and its liveliness can be attributed not only to De Filippo's inventive staging but also to the brilliant performance of Achille Millo as Pulcinella. An actor who until now has performed *in lingua* (in proper Italian, not in dialect) in everything from Moravia to Dostoevski, Millo is a young Neapolitan who seems to have been born for this role. "Role" is the wrong word, though, for Pulcinella is a *maschera,* a stock character, whose costume and mask and even certain gestures are unchanged since the days of the *commedia dell'arte.* The actor's brilliance lies in the variations he is able to work on these given gestures and in the humanity he is able to infuse into the standard character.

While *Pulcinella* was triumphing under his direction in Naples, De Filippo, as actor and playwright, was filling the Teatro Quirino in Rome with a farce he had written before the war, *La Fortuna con l'Effe maiuscola* ("Luck with a Capital 'L' "). Though the play is not one of his best, it gives him a chance to play his favorite role—one he has played so often that it has almost become a *maschera*—that of the poor, long-suffering husband, beset by a thousand difficulties, basically moral, but forced to subterfuge to live, and inevitably punished while bigger malefactors go scot-free. In *La Fortuna,* this role is far more comic than pathetic and surrounded by a good deal of knock-about burlesque acting. It is one of the two hits of the season.

The other hit is also by a Neapolitan, Giuseppe Patroni Griffi, but the play, *D'Amore is muore* ("You can die of Love"), is not about Naples. For every writer who lives in Naples there are two born here who have left it. Patroni Griffi—now in his thirties—has been living in Rome for ten years. His play, which has already won a series of important prizes, has been called an Italian *Look Back in Anger*; it is a "choral" play about young people who have gone to Rome, and are trying to get ahead in the movies. Actually, the play has little in common with Osborne's beyond the age-group of its characters and their disgust with the corruption of the world around them. Patroni

After the Bomb

After the bomb burst she awoke at once
To see the curtains straining horizontal
Fingers towards the bed, the pelmet in tempest,
Cheval-glass waltzing a little. A moment held,
That seemed too long, a film-still: till the projector
Jerked into motion again, they failed and
Fell in their usual drapes once more, once more
Her heart beat, deafeningly, and she stunned saw
Only the casement still shakenly swinging,
And that over the sill the rambler poured blown in
And the bed was littered with roses.

She slept always
Windows wide to night. There was no damage.
She shuddered and rose. The east to which she faced
Blanched grey with early summer, the air warm.
Half way downstairs she heard the rustic snoring
Of the immovable housekeeper, safe. The door
Of the house was never bolted, now gawped open
Jaw still fallen. As if a giant
Had suddenly rushed through the house, or a hasty
departure.

On the lawn her bare feet felt the short grasses,
In the paddock the long ones, the timothy, the foxtail;
In the hill-meadow the white waist-high lapping
Of dew-nailed moondaisy soaking her night-dress. . . .
She was wet to the skin. Far over
Her still shaking shoulders, stretching upwards
The great elm-trees stood like prominences,
Their heads obscure in night, their giant torsoes
Narrowing into darkness and between whose boles
She walked at the roots of the sea. When the sun rose,
The caterpillar-threads glued to their branches
Glittered auroral curtains, were gold and silver,
The uplands shone like glass and the far holly
Flashed. She drank it, the coolness, the natural fragrance,
The absolute quiet, the serene, the complete peace.

From the top of the hill the whole June landscape lay
Rolling down the green shoulders of home to where
The far pale sealine stretched across the bay
And the grey ships went subtle about their business.

HILARY CORKE

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Griffi's characters are not so much angry as cynical. The subject matter is unusual in the contemporary Italian theatre, where most playwrights have preferred to write about infidelity, divorce, and similar problems admitted by Italian censorship. Hence it has excited considerable discussion among critics and other playwrights, and the Roman public flocks to it, able finally to recognize their city (and their friends, in some cases) in the work.

AMONG the most promising of the young people who have gone to Rome to work in the movies is a new director, Francesco Rosi, whose first film *La Sfida* ("The Challenge") won two important prizes last fall at the Venice Festival. *La Sfida* has recently been released in Italy's movie-houses and, again, it has had both an authentic success with the public and caused a lot of professional discussion.

Rosi, too, is a Neapolitan in his thirties, who has worked for years in the theatre and in films, as a writer and assistant director. For his first film he has come back to Naples—but not the Naples of the famous bay and the famous songs and the colorful *festas*. Films with titles like *Madunnella* ("Little Madonna") and *Napoli, paese d'amore,* mixing cheap songs with lachrymose plots, are a standard ingredient of the Italian film industry and one of its great sources of ready money. Even De Sica, when he came back to make *The Gold of Naples,* fell at least part way into the familiar cliché-trap of golden hearts and hot blood.

La Sfida is a hard, swift, dramatic story, told in the most economical cinema terms and dealing with a real, but unexplored segment of Neapolitan life: the organized corruption that surrounds the wholesale produce markets. Naturally, the film has raised a storm of protest in Naples. The first to believe in the *O sole mio* clichés are the Neapolitans themselves, and indignant letters to editors, denying articles, and veiled threats were the order of the day. The proof, however, that *La Sfida* described a real situation has come from the Italian Parliament which, a few days ago, passed a law to the effect that truck farmers were no longer required to sell through the market agents, but could deal freely with wholesalers themselves, thus avoiding the crooked entrepreneurs.

So *La Sfida* has had, within a few weeks of its release, a beneficial social effect. Equally important, it has revealed an authentic new talent; Francesco Rosi is already working on his second film. And Giuseppe Patroni Griffi is writing a second play. Men like these, actors like Millo, reassure those who love Naples and the theatre and cinema that the tradition is not dead. De Filippo represents a generation that is already passing; the new generation is forcing its way to the fore.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOTHING but good things should be said of John Gielgud's readings from Shakespeare (46th Street Theatre). The program of excerpts from the plays and various sonnets which is collectively entitled *Ages of Man* provides a splendid evening of educational pleasure. Gielgud reads superbly—with clarity, ease, good sense, exemplary phrasing and fine feeling.

The opening night reception was spectacularly demonstrative—and deservedly so. Everyone talked of Gielgud as a great actor; and everyone echoed the notion that such an actor speaking Shakespeare's glorious verse made the trappings of the stage unnecessary. As a mark of enthusiasm this observation was proper as well as pleasant; as theatre aesthetics it is deplorable.

Gielgud is an actor of high rank, but his readings are *readings:* they are not acting. By themselves they are certainly not theatre. This became particularly apparent to me as I listened to a speech from *Measure for Measure.* I had seen Gielgud as Angelo in this play some years ago at Stratford-on-Avon and was much impressed by the insidious, worm-eaten, crabbed "medievalism"—half anguished conscience, half sadistic hypocrisy—which informed his impersonation. In the reading only the verbal sense and the inspiration of language were communicated.

In *theatre,* words are gestures—gestures of the spirit and the body in one organic whole of action, so that a truly acted play may be largely understood by a person unfamiliar with the language. I agree that very few performances are ever brought to the degree of perfection where this becomes literally true. But that only signifies that what we usually see on the stage is only partially realized theatre. Gielgud's reading is thin compared to his acting at its best. For the text of a play, I repeat and it cannot be repeated too often, is the mental material, the immediate impetus, the germ and the scaffolding of the theatrical life which may finally emerge from it.

This is not to say that *Ages of Man* is not an unalloyed boon and many, many times more rewarding than what often passes for a good show. Shakespeare's words are inspiring music and humane wisdom in one—though even as music their instrumentation suffers when

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they are not acted and made part of the whole context of drama.

THE Old Vic productions are often hardly more than illustrated readings—most charmingly illustrated in *Twelfth Night* —more meagerly in *Hamlet* and *Henry V*. (Young English leading men are very much influenced by their seniors: thus John Neville's Hamlet seems humbly and sympathetically to follow Gielgud's, while Laurence Harvey as Henry V probably takes Laurence Olivier's Henry as his model.) So powerful and rich are the foundations for these productions—I refer to Shakespeare's plays —and so loyal the spirit in which the Old Vic Company undertakes them that one is glad to see them—if only because they recall the magnificence of the "originals."

Less injury is done to *Henry V* than to *Hamlet* in such productions. For *Henry V* is a comparatively slight play —an artful bit of propaganda written with amiable grace and fairy-tale simplicity, as if addressed to children or to adults in a sentimentally complacent mood. This is especially true of the acting version employed here which omits certain canny observations on the tricky rationalizations Henry is fed to induce him to go to war with France.

A PLAY on the stage lives through its various organs. Sometimes it is the actors who chiefly count, sometimes direction may project a play to an effective meaning and on many occasions the text itself triumphs, although always there is an interplay of elements, each of which in some particular way sustains the others.

When I belatedly saw O'Casey's *The Shadow of a Gunman* at the Bijou I was aware of a certain overstressing of characterization in the first act which made the progress of the story slow and the atmosphere somewhat heavy. But as the performance went on I was caught up by the characters, and the situation, the rich, rough humor and pathos of O'Casey's conception and what they reveal of the pitiful foibles and follies of little people in moments of historical stress. The sum of it all was funny, touching, painful and sobering.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE New York City Ballet, now in the second half of its tenth-anniversary season, has created a sensation with its American première of the Weill-Brecht-Balanchine "ballet with song," *The Seven Deadly Sins*. The public response to this work has been such that a large number of extra performances has been scheduled, and judging by the evenings on which I have attended, each performance is pulling in a crowd.

The Seven Deadly Sins was the first work composed by Kurt Weill after his flight from the Nazis in 1933, and represented his original conception of a drama which could be acted, danced and sung. The Bertholt Brecht text presents a character named Anna, whose dual personality is portrayed on stage by two actresses, one who sings and one who dances. The singer is the practical Anna, and her ideas govern. The ballerina is the impractical, idealistic Anna, who does all the dirty work. In her travels to Memphis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco, the dual character falls into a plethora of evil situations, always in search of money with which her family can build a little home in Louisiana. The family, a male quartet in which Mama is a basso, sits upon a platform at the left of the stage. Around it, piece by piece, the walls of the house rise higher and higher as Anna commits each sin and sends more money home. The family contributes sanctimonius sentiments from its platform; on the main body of the stage, the dually personified Anna sings and dances her way through a series of vignettes, each of which has a fanciful stage setting and employs a corps of subsidiary, generally faceless (masked) actor-dancers.

I must admit to some surprise at the fervor with which the City Center audiences have taken this work to their bosoms, for my own opening-night reaction to it was one of mild disappointment. When Columbia Records issued a recording of it in 1957, sung in German by the composer's widow, Lotte Lenya, I was astounded and intrigued by the work's clever and cynical distortion of values. It was a morality tale in reverse. In the staged performance, however, with the text translated into English by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, and with choreography by Balanchine (who had composed the dance for the original Paris production), the wry fable seemed to have lost its bitter edge. Weill's music, jazzy and tart on the recording, sounded weaker and more diffuse in the City Center auditorium. And, in short, the whole apparatus was less effective than I had expected it to be.

Part of this opening-night reaction was caused, I am sure, by the fact that the inner workings of the show had not been smoothed to the fine balance they later displayed. Conductor Robert Irving's tempi were not as apt and vivacious as they were to become, while Lotte Lenya, who took again her singing role in the new production, seemed uncomfortable with the English text. As a result, one strained to follow the progress of the fable.

NOW, though, these elements have been polished to a sheen, and *The Seven Deadly Sins* is as spanking-bright a show as you are likely to find in the city. It is a show, however, and not a ballet. And there is still a question in my mind as to whether the singing-dancing-acting medium is really successful. Balanchine's choreography, unlike that in most of his works, falls into the category of miming rather than of dance. For instance, one whole vignette has the impractical Anna simply doing limbering-up exercises, which illustrate the story perfectly well at that point, but are hardly interesting as dance. Weill's music is evocative of a tired-jazzy atmosphere which must have been characteristic of European cabarets in the twenties. It does its job efficiently. But in a large theatre, it sounds a little weak and lacking in spice. A small hall or a recording studio would, I suspect, flatter it more adequately. The text is splendid (save for one passage near the end which continues to sound illogical). But with the viewer's attention constantly shifting between the beautiful mime-dance movements of Allegra Kent, the pronouncements of the male quartet, the stage business by supporting characters, and the singing-acting of Lotte Lenya, it is sometimes difficult to know just where to look or listen. In the long run, I wonder if each element in such an extravaganza does not subtract potency from the others.

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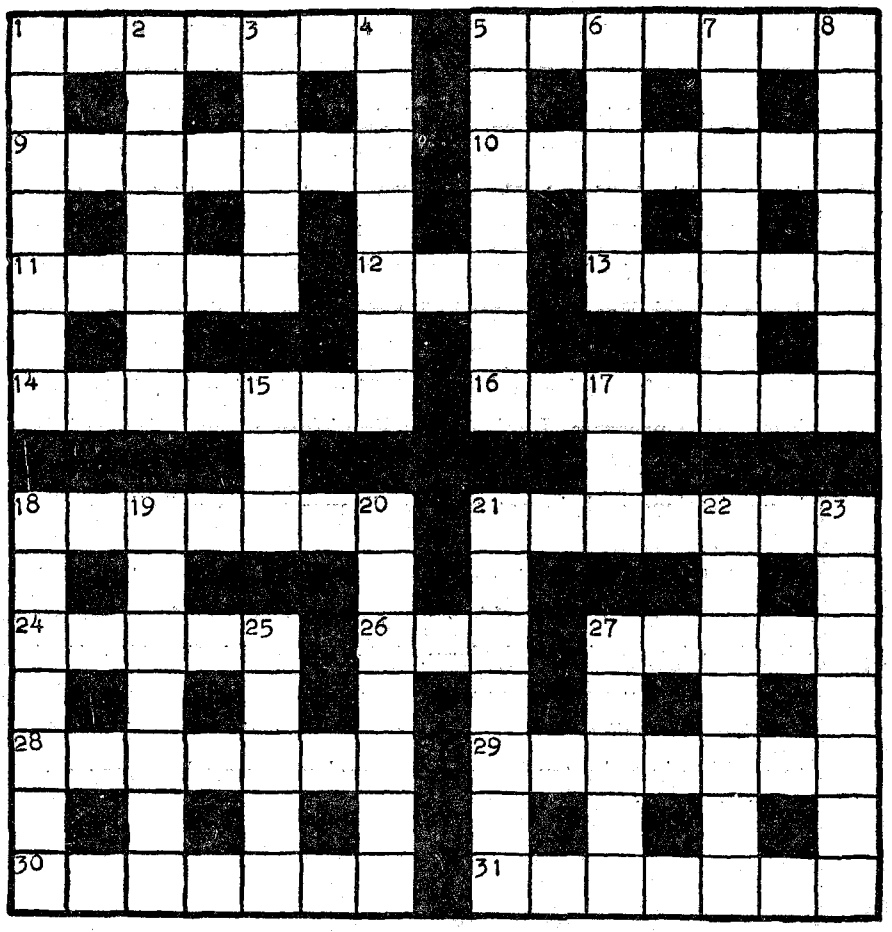
Crossword Puzzle No. 802

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 What the "Quiet One" keeps as a suitor makes one cry at the bar. (7, 2, 5)
9 Putting on or taking off? (7)
10 Not a captive Benedictine, with a second of worship. (7)
11 Immoderate. (5)
13 Cut in the right direction for most people. (5)
14 and 16 Indicative of a note of happiness on the Golden Horn, yet with good taste. (7, 7)
24 Famished without his sort of well-known make-up? (5)
26, 18 across and 7 down Literary lament of a mad dog or an Englishman, or an American woman? (3, 3, 2, 2, 7)
27 Given a good one, would you say "what a relief"? (5)
28 His magpie was thievish. (7)
29 Felt sorry for the First Lady in the network? (7)
30 Medicine sometimes associated with old mare? (7)
31 What a thimblerigger might do. (7)

DOWN:

1 Noticed dirt and wood fragments? (7)
2 Nothing off the dogbane for the early channel swimmer! (7)
3 The antithesis of 1 across. (5)
4 Twist might be said to be on the ball. (7)
5 Short plays here, where the stars are fixed. (7)
6 Sailors sound out the voyage! (5)
8 Met up with a nuisance in the storm. (7)
15 and 21 across The fine points of weaving? (3, 3, 4)
17 and 12 across Can top hard water in town, though made flat. (6)
18 For fans of the crocus, perhaps. (7)
19 Seems in the wrong to be just as they used to say. (7)
20 An element of difficulty in spelling? (7)
21 What 19 does wrong? (7)
22 Static and stoic. (7)
23 This foot has two long marks. (7)
25 Not so sweet in spirit? (5)
27 In the state in which I live, it's hot and cold-sounding. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 801

ACROSS: 1 Cinch; 4, 3, 13, and 12 The Greeks had a word for it; 9 Overdue; 10 Launder; 11 Oils; 16 Assets; 17 Smuggle; 19 Earshot; 22 4 down, 14, 24, 26, 28 and 27 See what the boys in the back room will have; 25 Liars; 29 Implant; 30 Animato; 31 Tasteless; 32 Lisle. DOWN: 1 and 5 Chocolate eclairs; 8 Needless; 6 Rout; 7 Endlong; 8 Sired; 15 Mules; 18 Extempore; 20 Recipes, 21 Thistle; 22 Spreads; 23 Hookahs; 24 Built.

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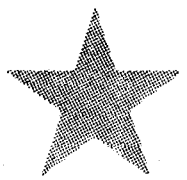

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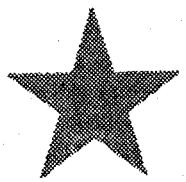

"WHAT IS under discussion is a mathematical theory called the theory of sampling. The time has come when the individual in a democracy had better understand the rudiments of this theory, because [its] monopolists are perfectly capable of saying, 'Why bother with elections? We can tell you what you think much more cheaply. . . .'" So wrote David Cort in *The Nation* of June 14, last year. Ten weeks later Richard C. Butler, attorney for the Little Rock School Board, brandished before the U. S. Supreme Court a public-opinion sampling purporting to show that 54 per cent of the country favored a two-and-a-half years' delay in Little Rock's integration program. Justice Felix Frankfurter leaned forward from the bench. "I sometimes wonder," he commented acidly, "why we have elections and do not turn it all over to the polls."

IT'S A HABIT of *Nation* writers to utter truths long before they become generally acceptable or are given sanction from some national or international platform. *When* is truth? For *The Nation*, truth is *always*: popular or unpopular, acceptable or unacceptable—whether the pollsters agree or not. The fact that we will conform to nothing but the truth sometimes makes our readers very angry, but it keeps them loyal.

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